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JOHN BULL

Vol. XIII. No. 329 SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 21, 1912. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

For meaning of this No. see Page ii. of cover.

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

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Dunsford Road, Wimbledon Park.
The Avenue, Chingford.
Maud Street, Rhyl,
and Elsewhere.

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The following claim has been received for our issue of September 7th:—

Mr. P. H. DESLANDES, 134, Abbey Street, Bermondsey, S.E. No. 235940.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of September 14th:—

3330	151172	273613	458912	579901
24054	163963	306188	459815	633082
37402	178145	324696	462395	639140
51319	186543	344587	488805	649806
59866	222981	358303	499856	665963
75877	232912	356906	529890	678939
90659	236553	376175	537733	693612
128862	241870	395066	548861	701457
137267	246247	411526	556891	701492
139826	262068	432127	568406	702698

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE (PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 25TH).

The John Bull League.

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Vol. XIII. No. 329. Week ending Saturday, September 21st, 1912. One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Letters must be addressed to the Editor or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. All **FINANCIAL, INSURANCE** *and* **SPORTING** *enquiries should be addressed to the* **CITY OFFICES, 52, NEW BROAD STREET, E.C.** *All other communications should be addressed to* **93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.**

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

MIDLOTHIAN.

This is on all fours with the results in other recent by-elections. Giving the Liberal the whole of the Labour vote, there is still a swing of the pendulum against the Government—sufficient, all over the country, if not to give the Tories a working majority at a General Election, at least to bring the Party system to a deadlock. In other words, the Business Government is coming!

LIKE FATHER—LIKE SON.

"General" Bramwell Booth has not allowed the grass to grow under his feet. He is already after £150,000 for a Training Home for Salvation Army officers. Just imagine Christ putting forward such a scheme! What "training" does it require to cheer the fallen and succour the sick and hungry? It is the most natural instinct in mankind. But the new "General" means to strike whilst the iron is hot—and he makes the most of the King's well-meant message of sympathy. He uses it, in fact, as the peroration of his appeal. We hope His Majesty will approve. Let the Salvation Army officers train themselves in the hard university of Life, and meanwhile let us send a thousand or so to the starving dockers and their families.

WHITE STAR LINE'S MEAN METHODS.

As we predicted would be the case, the owners of the ill-fated *Titanic* are exerting every effort to shirk their responsibilities. The mother of one of the victims—who was a trimmer—in a heartrending letter informs us that her son was her main support, and she, being an invalid, does not know how she will get on without his regular contributions. The White Star Line has met this case by paying the absurdly inadequate sum of £30 into Court by way of compensation, no doubt hoping that this poor woman's poverty will prevent her taking legal proceedings to recover a much more substantial sum to which she is undoubtedly entitled. This is only one of many similar cases.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION PIFFLE.

For downright, unadulterated piffle, commend us o the proceedings of the British Association. Whilst one section has been seriously discussing the idea of making living creatures in the saucepan, like puddings, another has been meddling with politics. We have had Mr. Norman Angell deprecating the effects of a possible German Conquest, and this is the sort of balderdash he has been dishing up for the delectation of his audience: "Even though Germany *did* vanquish Britain, some fifty-five or sixty millions of English speaking people—*some* 150 *millions, if you include the United States*—would remain with their own laws, literature, *political traditions*, just as before, and they would remain *just as much an intellectual and moral ferment in the world as ever.*"

GERMANY SMILING—AND FORTIFYING.

Of course, such balderdash—like the philosophical vapourings of Lord Haldane—is a source of intense pleasure to Germany, and we should not be surprised to learn that Byron's verse on our cover is now being taught in every school in the Fatherland. Meanwhile, we observe in an obscure corner of our newspaper little items like the following:—

> An official announcement that Borkum had been raised to the status of an independent fortress has been followed by a report that three more of the East Frisian islands, Juist, Wangeroog, and Spikeroog, are also to be fortified. The Brunswick paper which makes this statement adds that the works are to be commenced next month.

But what is the use of talking to men like Norman Angell about such things. *When* will it be understood that Government is a business requiring a very special apprenticeship, and that it is just as stupid of the British Association to permit amateurs to dogmatise in the political section of its proceedings as it would be to allow Little Tich to read a paper on the origin of species?

HOME RULE ALL ROUND.

The dream of decentralisation is a rosy one, and we know many non-party men who have sighed unconsciously for a revival of the heptarchy. But there are dangers of tyranny in local parliaments, many of whose members would undoubtedly approach legislation with a very limited horizon. We do not want the kind of chaos which is only too frequent among the Yankees. Imagine if a parliament at Manchester followed the example of Maine and passed a prohibition law, compelling Lancashire lads to buy their whisky at the chemist's, and shutting up the bars of Pullman cars while we passed through the Palatinate. There are already sufficient vexations in our daily lives without the intervention of paltry politicians with provincial minds. No doubt, however, such considerations have occurred to Mr. Churchill, and we await his perfected proposals with interest. We hope he will not forget the delectable Duchy of Cornwall.

"MRS. BULL"—a Record Number this week. Buy it now.

Petty Plagiarism.

Apropos of the recent conviction of Bertram Shore, at Bow Street, for obtaining money by false pretences by mutilating one of Frank Richardson's stories and offering it to a contemporary as his own, a writer of detective tales tells us of a case in which two of his stories were actually printed in book form and illustrated by a publishing firm without his knowledge and consent. Our contemporary, however, appears to have paid Shore the two guineas first, and then charged him. The plagiarist got off with a fine of 10s. and 2s. costs—which left him 30s. good on the deal. Here is a chance for an enterprising company promoter, a profit of 30s. per man per day would soon mount up.

Peace to His Ashes.

Every friend of commonsense will lament the death of Mr. Morrell, the pioneer of sensible Sundays. We have not yet reached the ideal Sunday, which would place no restrictions upon pleasure, but we are at least progressing in the right direction, and enjoy opportunities of development which were denied to our forefathers. Instead of sulking at home with beer and Bible, the working-man can now extend his range of vision by visiting galleries and museums, take cheap trains and learn to appreciate sylvan scenery, dally with his donah in musical parks, banish dull care for one day in the week. For this and other blessings he has to thank Mr. Morrell, who devoted fifty years to his campaign, and paid no heed to the violent abuse of countless joy-stranglers, even when they belaboured him with sticks and umbrellas. Surely, if anyone deserves a statue, it is a benefactor of this sterling worth, who gave the greater part of his life to the happiness of his fellows. *R.I.P.*

Pawnbrokers and Pawnbroking.

What we recently said on pawnbrokers and pawnbroking has brought us a great deal of correspondence. "It is infamous that the Pawnbrokers Act should remain on the Statute Book in its present form," says one epistolarian. "Goods—I refer now to jewellery—that has cost £20 will be worth a loan of £4 10s. at 20 per cent. interest and no more in the eyes of the pawnbroker. Can you tell me what risk there is that justifies such usury? A suit of clothes (cost 45s.) taken to a pawnbroker after being worn twice will secure the liberal advance of 7s. at 25 per cent. interest. That, and thousands of other suits, go regularly on Monday morning every week, and are redeemed on the Friday or Saturday night for 4d. and ½d. the ticket in addition to the 7s. Another cunning trick of the pawnbroker is to offer, say, 6s. 6d. on an article for which 8s. may have been asked. It is accepted (as he knows it will be), and the unsuspecting victim pays the same interest on that odd 6d. as he or she would have paid on the whole 2s." In France, of course, the State takes on the pawnbroking business as the *Mont de Piete* (known as the "aunt," instead of the "uncle" as in England), and from the view point of the poor this is the better way. We have referred the whole matter to Jim Crow.

Bristol Magistrates Again.

The Bristol magistrates have sentenced a man named White—who, according to his own account, has never been charged with begging or vagrancy before, and against whom the police knew nothing except that he had once served with Colonel Burnaby on the Nile and has been seven years in the Metropolitan Police—to fourteen days' hard labour. Evidently Messrs. E. B. Colthurst and J. Boyd, the Bristol Justices, are looking for notoriety, and we must not disappoint them. For an apparently first offence of this trivial kind such a punishment is nothing less than monstrous.

Three Years for Twopence.

Take a glance, too, at Mr. Darby-Dawman (in the Chair), Captain Stewart, Mr. Ormsby Hamilton, D.L., Mr. Thomas Clarke, and Mr. Joseph Ward, the magistrates of Cabinteely Petty Sessions. They had before them two kiddies, aged 14 and 15, charged with robbing an orchard of twopennyworth of apples. "What do you ask us to do with the boys?" said the idiotic Chairman to the prosecuting sergeant of police. "Perhaps your worships will see your way to send the boys to a reformatory," replied the sergeant; and, anxious to oblige that brilliant functionary, down went the two lads for three years in a reformatory. If everybody in these islands had been sent to a reformatory for thinning other people's apple trees, about nine-tenths of the male population, including most of the Cabinteely magistrates probably, would have received their early education there. It is not merely that such magistrates do not do justice, but that they make fools of themselves and a farce of the laws which it is their duty to administer.

A Bad Example.

Apropos of the articles on this subject which we have recently published, a reader joins in our condemnation of demoralising films and tells us that he has seen of late pictures which are not only in bad taste but are really indecent. For instance, at one of the London "palaces," was recently shown as a principal item of the performance a picture which would never have passed any censor; and our correspondent, who was with his *fiancée*, was naturally most embarrassed. The plot was shortly as follows: A young "man about town" is in love with a girl of a somewhat passionate temperament, and who is shown preparing for an evening party. Her lover enters her boudoir, and a violent lovemaking scene is depicted, the lady being very much in her *deshabille*. Later, she is found seeking repose, but, with the thought still in her mind of the previous episode, she cannot rest, so, slipping a long coat over her night attire, she hastens to her lover's flat, but finds to her chagrin that she is forestalled. The engagement is broken off, the disappointed girl seeking consolation in marriage with an elderly man. On the day of her wedding, however, she receives a message from her previous *fiancé*, asking her to see him, which she consents to do, leaving her wedding guests for the purpose. There is a reconciliation and ultimately they both commit suicide. Now, as our correspondent says, if the already overcrowded picture-maker must rely on such morbid sensationalism, then the sooner the L.C.C. or some other department takes matters in hand the better.

What a Postal System!

The other day we wanted to send an express letter to a friend. Having forgotten her address, we searched the telephone book and found she lived at So-and-so House, Such-and-such Road. So we addressed our letter and gave it to a clerk in one of the big District post offices. He did not know where the road was, so we suggested that he should consult a directory. "We don't keep a directory," he replied curtly. Yet it is called the Post Office Directory, and must often be required in quandaries like our own. Probably every respectable office in the City keeps a directory, but the big post-offices either do not encourage correspondence or else rejoice in tormenting the public. We wonder what would have happened if we had posted our letter in the ordinary way. Would the authorities eventually have localised Such-and-such Road, which happens to be quite an important thoroughfare?

A Dramatic New Serial by Gertie de S. Wentworth James—

NEWS FROM MEDICINE HAT.

A reader in Alberta (Canada), a city which, he says, has "all hell for a basement," draws our attention to a novel advertisement in the *Medicine Hat Daily News*. "Board and room for two men, English preferred," it reads. It is certainly a change from the "No Englishmen need apply," which is so familiar a feature of the advertising columns of the Canadian Press. Even so, it is not an advertisement offering Englishmen work, but merely that of a landlady notifying that they can be taken in and done for.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

Somebody has sent us a copy of a St. Andrew's (Peckham) leaflet, containing an extraordinary article on the "desecration of the Sabbath." The luring by "some filthy old brute of a girl of 4 or 5 years into a stable by means of sweets, beyond doubt to violate her," and the fact that "shameless widows are still increasing their families" are brushed aside as small matters compared with the fact that "'concerts' in private houses are conducted on Saturday nights and Sunday mornings, at which the most licentious conduct takes place." All this is put down to the spread of Socialism, but the reverend writer finds time for this conundrum: "Does some bankrupt and fraudulent company-promoter write with malicious glee about our empty chapels and churches? He would show his wisdom and manliness better if, in a true public spirit, he pointed out that the misery, the unrest and ignoble discontent of England to-day is very largely due to the neglect of a Christianity and Christian worship that cannot die in spite of his facile pen. It is a crying shame that one of the chief uses people find in Sunday is how to annoy their neighbours." We are delighted to note at least some semblance of Christian charity in the candid recognition of the fact that even a bankrupt and fraudulent company-promoter may possess "wisdom and manliness" and "true public spirit," but we never heard of one of these gentry annoying his neighbours on Sunday by thumping out hymns on the piano.

OCEANIC OPPORTUNITIES.

A rest-cure on an Atlantic liner is now being advocated by a morning paper. The *Philadelphia*, for instance, has a capacity for 1,100 passengers, but has just arrived with only 29. What an opportunity to lounge in luxury and enjoy the ozone! Yes, but how are we to get on board now that all the outgoing liners are crowded to excess? Shall we fly or swim to New York, or go round by land *à la* Harry de Windt?

OUT OF HOURS.

This is the story of a Salvation shelter in London. A certain actress tells us of a poor, ragged, rain-sodden fellow who had sought in vain. Without a penny in his pocket, he had to spend his nights in the streets. Drenched through, cold and hungry, he applied for admission to the shelter at 7 o'clock in the morning and asked for neither food, shelter nor raiment—simply for permission to dry his clothes. The reply of the official was that he was out of hours, but that he could wait outside if he pleased (in the pouring rain!) until 12.30, when he could see the relieving officer. The door was then closed. Our correspondent accompanied the poor man to the shelter, where she received a similar message and treatment. This is not by any means the first complaint of the kind, and we commend it to the attention of the new "General," with the respectful suggestion that the Lord has no regular business hours—especially where wet clothes are concerned.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST.

Because in a recent issue we advised our readers to obtain one or two of Colonel Ingersoll's pamphlets, we are told by a correspondent that an awful doom awaits us. We are to "consider what it is to suffer extreme pain from one day to another, from one year to another, from a thousand years to another, from a million ages to another," and that when, after we have "worn out the ages of the sun, moon and stars and billions more such ages, still we will not be one little bit nearer the end of our torments." But surely by that time we shall have become accustomed to them; even an eel is said to enjoy being skinned! We are further asked, "Who cares for the memory of such men as Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Paine, Hume, Hetherington, Holyoake, Renan, Strauss, Meredith, Colenso, Darwin, Bradlaugh?" And, before we have time to answer, we are told "how much better the world would have been if they had never been born." Which prompts us to ask this theologian of the old school why they *were* born!

FORSAKEN WIVES.

The man whose accent proclaims him fra Glasgow is likely to have a rougher time than usual in Canada. It is stated that in that city alone there are about 260 abandoned wives and 713 children being looked after by the Poor-law authorities, the husbands and fathers having skipped to Canada and left others to undertake their responsibilities. The *Toronto Globe* thinks that this class of man is not the kind of pioneer wanted in the West, and suggests that these undesirables be hunted up and deported. We can understand its feelings in the matter, but, whilst deploring such conduct, would like to point out that there are more undesirable immigrants being admitted every day. We remember also that another great colony was settled and made prosperous by men who would doubtless have looked upon wife desertion as very small potatoes.

WAIL OF A VICAR.

Our dear and reverend brother the Vicar of Great Barr (wherever Great Barr may be) is by way of being wailsome because the parish has become like unto heaven in at least one respect—there being neither marriage nor giving in marriage. In the parish magazine he describes this condition of affairs as "quite shocking," and adds: "Something will have to be done. Great Barr contains a good many widows, and unless the young men and maidens wake up to their duty we shall have to appeal to the widows to save the situation by making another venture." The vicar is not losing only the marriage but the christening fees also. Perhaps, however, the reverend gentleman will give us his interpretation of his cryptic phrase, "Something must be done."

ANOTHER "FREE" PARDON.

The latest victim of the free-pardon farce is Frederick Moore, of Caversham. In November last he was wrongfully convicted of poaching and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. Through the efforts of his solicitors, the authorities have been convinced that there has been a miscarriage of justice. Moore has at length been awarded, by way of compensation, a free pardon and £30. Not unnaturally, he complains that this paltry sum and the worthless pardon are not in any way adequate to his sufferings, the loss of his employment, the destruction of his home, and the hardships entailed by nine months' living from hand to mouth. One would have thought that the Home Office, when it recognised that a serious blunder had been made by the Caversham magistrates, would have seen at the same time that only substantial damages could right the wrong, as far as it can be righted.

Begins in this week's "MRS. BULL." Now on Sale everywhere.

"BOOM AND BUNKUM."

The Australian papers publish the story of a Mr. J. Hackett, a Nottingham emigrant. Before he went to Victoria he wrote to the Agent-General, who referred him to his representative at Cardiff; Hackett paid this official representative to come to his home so that his information might be first-hand, and even put him up for the night. "He told me," says Mr. Hackett, "that I would have no difficulty in obtaining work at my trade as a coal-miner at either Wonthaggi, Outtrim, or Jumbunna, at 16s. a day. The prospects were so attractive that I decided to come with my two boys to Victoria." On arrival he went to Wonthaggi, but could not get a job; to Outtrim, ditto; to Jumbunna, ditto also. "Tired and disgusted with his experience," he has booked his passage home, and by the time he returns the trip will have cost him £120 in cash, in addition to loss of employment.

A LETTER FROM VICTORIA.

And here is an extract from a letter, sent to us by a British settler in Victoria:—"I am sorry to tell you that this Australian craze raging all over the British Isles is, for the majority, a —— swindle. An emigrant told me to-night that since his boat arrived here two of his fellow-passengers have put an end to their lives through disappointment; one cut his throat and the other jumped into Sydney Harbour. For unskilled men there is not a ghost of a chance, and yet the paid servants of the Victorian Government are issuing pamphlets broadcast in the old country telling unskilled men that the chance of their lives awaits them in the Garden of Australia, Victoria. They can't earn salt here. If they only knew that skilled farmers, men who know practically all there is to know about farming, are walking about here with nothing else to do but to advertise for work, I don't think they would come. Australia has given thousands a blow this year, and will give thousands more a blow before it is out. For pity's sake do all you can to dissuade people from coming."

HUNT THE—COCKROACHES.

"Please sir," says a correspondent, "will you bring pressure to bear upon the Directors of the A.B.C. to clear one of their establishments, situated in the Strand, of cockroaches? These beastly things invade the girls' dressing room especially. My young lady had one in her blouse when I was walking out with her the other evening." But how does our friend know this? In any case, it is better that the cockroaches should be in the ladies' blouses than in the Irish stew. And it must be much better fun catching them!

TREASON TO COLONIES.

A correspondent puts a pertinent enquiry, which has, at any rate, the merit of novelty. He asks: "In what way are the Colonies ours? Say, Canada, Australia, India, South Africa. As it seems to me, they have absolute control over themselves, and I can hardly see how they are ours unless they paid us a revenue." Of course, at first sight we should pronounce this to be treasonable and unpatriotic. But we suppose the polite, or at any rate the usual answer would be to murmur something about the glorious Empire on which the sun never sets, about the great pride aroused by the knowledge that the Union Jack floats over many continents, and so forth. But when we come to think of it, there is really very little practical joy in the possession of Colonies which do not pay tribute, which grudge contributions to Imperial defences, and which give the coldest and most cruel welcomes to those who seek hospitality on their shores. Why drag in India?

TEA FOR TERRITORIALS.

What idiotic persons there are in the world, to be sure! A few days ago an application was made at Camborne by Mr. W. R. Oxford, of the Cornubia Hotel, Hayle, for an "occasional license" to sell intoxicating liquors at the rifle range at the annual prize shoot. The Bench refused the application, whereupon Boniface remarked, "I am supplying the luncheon and the competitors will require drinks." This logic seemed too much for one of the magistrates, a Mr. W. Vivian, who replied, "They can shoot better with tea than coffee." Two days later, another application was made for an "occasional license" to sell intoxicating drinks at Camborne Races—and was granted. Some of our readers ask what we think of the matter. We consider the action of the magistrates an insult to the intelligence of the Territorials—and one which they should not forget. They should complete their term of service as soon as possible—and then go racing.

A CONSUMPTIVE'S ORDEAL.

We are often hearing of the "fight against consumption." Is this a typical case? A lad was taken to Brompton Hospital, put to bed, and kept there for six months—during which time he was repeatedly experimented upon. At the end of that period he was sent home to his parents, who were in poor circumstances, unaccompanied by any official. He was put to bed—and died four weeks later. Of course, persons afflicted with this terrible disease must die somewhere, but we suggest to the Brompton Hospital authorities that it would have been kinder to allow the boy to die peacefully in their institution, or some home for incurables.

PROFESSOR ROBERT FLINT ON PARTY.

"Parliament has certainly not improved since Mr. Mill's time, and especially morally. The more indistinct the principles and the more effaced the lines of action on which the old parties proceeded are becoming, the more the advantages of Party government are decreasing and the more its latent evils are coming to light. Already the struggle of politics is largely a conscious sham, an ignoble farce, the parties pretending to hold different principles in order not to acknowledge that they have only different interests. Our whole political system is thus pervaded with dishonesty. What would in any other sphere be regarded as lying, is in politics deemed permissible or even praiseworthy. Ordinary parliamentary candidates have of late years shown themselves unprecedently servile and untrustworthy. A large majority of the House of Commons are of use merely as voting machines, but without independence of judgment, sensibility of conscience, or anxiety to distinguish between good and bad in legislation or administration. The House of Commons has, during the past twenty-five years, greatly degenerated. And it is still plainly on the down-grade. Is there any remedy? None, I believe, of a short or easy kind. No merely political change will do much good; such a change as that of the payment of members, one very likely to be made before long, cannot fail to do harm. The House of Commons has been reformed so much and so often without becoming better, if not with becoming worse, that all of us should by this time see that the only real way of improving it is by improving ourselves; by each elector being more independent, serious and careful in the choice of his representative; more able to judge, and more conscientious in judging of his ability, force of character and general soundness of view, while not expecting him to think entirely as he himself does, or wishing to abnegate the reason and conscience by the independent exercise of which alone he can either preserve his self-respect or be of use to this country."

The Popular Song, "Beautiful Garden of Roses," Words and Music"—

PARLIAMENTARY VERBOSITY.

We are not surprised to find Mr. F. E. Smith a strong opponent of the suggested curtailment by Standing Order of Parliamentary speeches, and equally of the suggestion that Members before rising should intimate to the Speaker the probable duration of their remarks. Neither scheme is either practicable or dignified—and both of them ignore the truth of the trenchant epigram that a speech, like a sermon, may be both short and tedious.

ANOTHER INSURANCE ACT CONUNDRUM.

A reader asks us, "If a man happened to be serving time in one of His Majesty's prisons when the Act came into active use, and he comes out, say, eight months later than the date, and gets a job, has his Insurance card to be stamped up to date? A case has just come to my notice where a man so placed has had, by his employer's request, to put the necessary stamps on himself to bring it up to date." We can only suggest that the Governor of the gaol stamps the card.

A "NATION'S COMMAND PERFORMANCE"?

We are indebted to Mr. Stoll for this suggestion for a title as an alternative to "The People's Command Performance," which we have had in contemplation for some time past, for the benefit of the sufferers by the Dock Strike. As, however, there does not appear to be that whole-hearted enthusiasm for the scheme which is essential to success, and as we are extremely desirous of not treading upon anybody's toes, we prefer to adhere to the line indicated in our last issue, though offering the warmest support of this journal to any scheme which may be decided upon, commensurate with the magnitude of the object in view. As we have already stated, we are prepared to sell programmes, or act as bar attendants, or in any other capacity—being utterly devoid of over-sensitiveness. Our final word, however, must be that, for such a function to be a success, it is essential that the principal artistes who were excluded from the Royal Show should be given priority in the new programme.

THE SICK BRITISH LION.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

["*Taking the Biscuit*" *has become a classic phrase, expressive of a satirical reward or recognition. In this column we present, in all good humour, the token to such of our contemporaries and others as may have distinguished themselves by some unconventional utterance or act.*]

For stating, in an article regarding the visit of a troupe of Maoris to Croydon that ,"All the boys had farms of their own in New Zealand . . . the land they had inherited from their DESCENDANTS,"

THE CROYDON GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in its Liverpool Provision Market Report : "CHEESE MOVES OFF QUIETLY,"

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a recipe for the destruction of insects : "Twice a week have the rooms washed out with cold water in which THREE OR FOUR HANDFULS OF COLD WATER HAVE BEEN DISSOLVED,"

THE LIVERPOOL WEEKLY COURIER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a paragraph regarding a spring in South-West Missouri, that "The water level maintains itself with EXACTNESS *in all kinds of weather, rain or drought* NEVER MAKING ANY CHANGE. *Its only* VARIATION *is a sort of tidal movement, which* RAISES AND LOWERS THE LEVEL ABOUT FOUR INCHES *from morning to evening,"*

THE WEST BRIDGFORD ADVERTISER
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that, on the occasion of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Churchill to Aberdeen, "the Suffragettes followed IN A CAB, RUNNING *along the street as fast as hobble skirts would permit them,"*

THE EVENING DISPATCH (Birmingham)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising : "Boots Soled and HEALED,"

MR. S. W. CROOK (39, Gloucester Rd., Trowbridge)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, in a letter to the Editor of the "Daily Chronicle" that, "ALL *aviation* OUGHT TO BE PROHIBITED *until greater proficiency is attained in its* PRACTICE,"

MR. J. P. BACON PHILLIPS
(Crowhurst Rectory, Sussex)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, that a woman has been discovered at the bottom of a disused pit-shaft, where she "had lain in water and mud, with a fractured leg, for TEN YEARS,"

THE LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For advertising in the "Civil and Military Gazette" (Lahore) : "Wanted, a really good cook. MUG *preferred,"*

CAPTAIN C. L. WHITAKER (S.S.O., Rawalpindi)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, according to the "Dublin Evening Mail," that "Number four of the Scout law runs thus : 'A Scout is a friend to all and a BOTHER *to every other Scout,'"*

SCOUTMASTER WOODHEAD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

HALF-A-CROWN FOR EVERY "BISCUIT" PUBLISHED

We give 2s. 6d. to the sender of every "Biscuit" published. Should the same "Biscuit" be forwarded by more than one competitor, preference will be given to the reader whose letter is first opened. In forwarding newspaper cuttings, sufficient must be sent to identify the name of the paper and date of issue.

Included in this week's "MRS. BULL." Of all Newsagents, 1d.

FAT FEES FOR FAIR FEMALES.

A MATRIMONY-MONGER ON THE MAKE.

Clement Stanley is a matrimonial shark with whom we dealt at the time he was carrying on his little games from 115, Ladbroke Grove. His present address is Imperial Road, Feltham. From numerous letters we receive it would appear that Stanley manages to extract a good many fees from people who imagine that all they have to do to attain their heart's desire is to pay him what he asks.

A Welshman, noticing one of Stanley's advertisements in a local newspaper, got into communication with him, setting forth his requirements in the matrimonial line. His tastes were not fastidious, but he wanted to get married quickly.

In answer to the appeal Stanley sent his terms, which were as follows :—

WITH INCOMES.	REGISTRATION FEE.	FINAL FEE.
Under £100 per annum ..	£2 2 0	£2 2 0
£100 to under £200 ..	£3 3 0	£3 3 0
£200 to under £300 ..	£4 4 0	£4 4 0
£300 to under £400 ..	£5 5 0	£5 5 0
£400 to under £500 ..	£6 6 0	£6 6 0

From £500 to £1,000 upon Special Fees.

THE PRICE OF A PARAGON.

The business-like matrimonial venturer politely requested Stanley to furnish him with particulars of the class of "goods" he might expect for a couple of guineas, and the following is the reply he received :—

In accordance with your request for further particulars of my client to whom your letter refers, I have much pleasure in herewith enclosing you same.

Age 28 years. Height, 5 ft. 6 ins. Complexion, Blonde. Blue eyes, enjoys good health, possessing a graceful and full figure ; has received a good education and is possessed of a refined bearing with an unassuming manner, and though having passed through a deal of trouble through bereavement yet is of a cheerful disposition. My Client is fond of a home life yet at the same time is an advocate for the open air, and her pastimes are golf, cycling, tennis and walking ; as well as being musical is fond of reading, but is not drawn towards literature of a light nature. Having travelled until recently, her religious views have, I am informed, been rather broadened ; the lady is a Churchwoman, holds no narrow views, but is very broad-minded.

With reference to my Client's income the main portion is derived from her own Freehold property, the remainder from good investments. The lady is anxious to meet an honourable gentleman, in view of that which is now mutually understood, and should you have the same in view which your letter seems to indicate, I shall have much pleasure in undertaking for you in the matter, and I am sending you terms of business, and if you really mean business will you please give this matter your prompt attention.

Solicitors' and Bankers' references may be had with my lady clients, and terms of business are strictly adhered to, and only upon such terms matters are arranged, as only first-class business is conducted.

Awaiting the favour of your further reply.

P.S.—If occasion should arise that you desire further "Introductions" you would be entitled to same until your requirements are fully met ; and no further Fee would be required until you are engaged for Marriage.

The terms of business will be a Fee of £2 2s., previous to any Introduction being arranged and a final fee at the rate of 2 per cent. on Client's income. The terms of business are never parted from.

The Final Fee is due on Marriage.

My Client leaves London for Wales this week-end.

The Welshman, noticing especially the postscript and possibly thinking that the lady must by some psychic means have already felt attracted towards him, forwarded the money, and in due course got the following receipt :—

Received of —— —— —— the sum of Two Guineas as Matrimonial Registration Fee for Introductions to Ladies in view of Marriage ? The aforesaid Fee to entitle the aforesaid —— —— —— to such Introductions until finally suited ? When a Fee or Commission shall become due on Marriage and to be at the rate of 2 per cent. on the income of the lady he has married (and to be on one year's income only).

We confess to not being able to understand the two notes of interrogation, but have no doubt that they are placed there with an object. The query after the word "marriage" certainly conveys an unpleasant imputation.

A COOL CUSTOMER.

The would-be bridegroom prepared to receive "the goods," fully believing that the charmer was on her way to fall into his arms. He, however, had a weary waiting. With each day's delay he grew more angry, until at last he penned a strong letter to Stanley, which brought this amusing reply :—

I am in reciept of your letter and for such as it contains it ought really be framed, You refer to your patience I am not aware that you are different to any ordinary individual, You refer to holding something in your hands Ect & Ect, Now please do not write such humbug to me I am used to business men not Melodramic Letters. It appears that you have paid me a Fee for Introductions to Ladies in view of Marriage till suited and it appears that I have not placed you in communication yet with a Lady who is willing to arrange with you I have not bound myself to any special period to suit you. So what you think you have in your hand is not worth much to you. And I should advise you to be calmer in writing as it may be news for you to learn that you are holding correspondence with a man with a Legal training so please dont take any stray shots in the dark, If I receive another letter of a similar characyter I shall forward it to the Firm who acts for me, What do you mean by rue the day, Who on earth do you think that you are to take upon yourself to pen such letters, Who are you talking to about making People repent, You are beside yourself And you will soon find that I am the man that can take a liberty with you and afford it, You became a Client this year some are on my Books Six Months before being suited, Do you think that bin my business that Ladies are kept in Stock like a General Shop it is a business wherin one has to select in accordance to the Requirements the other side and I do not waste my time in arranging useless Introductions. You need have no fear of me not fulfilling my Obligations and if I decline to give you introductions. Then your remedy is to sue for its return not to write to me such Tall talk as in the letter before me in fact I am having none of it, I do business with men in a Larger way than yourself and they have not sent me such abuse as you have And I am not having it, Who wants to read your humbug about Something Very Enexpected to happen) I shall be pleased to hear from you what that may be, Pray Cool yourself or If I have any more of such correspondence full of Inference as your letter contains I shall at once send them on to my Solicitors. In final you will have what you have paid for.

We do not know whether the heated client has yet cooled—his letter to us suggests to the contrary—but he is certainly poorer and wiser than when first he saw Clement Stanley's advertisement. He has found out the truth of the old adage that "There's many a slip 'Twixt the cup and the lip." Instead of being on a good thing, as he thought, he now realises that the only return for his couple of guineas is a practical but rather expensive lesson in caution.

Three delightful Short Stories in "MRS. BULL" this week.

THE BIRMINGHAM INFIRMARY SCANDAL.

HARDSHIPS OF DOCTORS, NURSES AND PATIENTS.

Our recent article commenting upon the gross understaffing at this institution and the scurvy treatment of the nurses and officials has aroused great public indignation, particularly in the district immediately concerned. Little, however, appears to have been done to remedy matters, and only the other day, in the absence of a nurse (who could not, of course, be in several places at the same time, as is really requisite to carry out the work on the present basis of staffing), a two-year-old patient drank a quantity of poisonous disinfectant and subsequently died.

The higher officials are also not without their grievances. For instance, the resident medical officers have to attend at any hour of the day or night everyone who goes up to the Infirmary Lodge and asks to see a doctor, no matter whether his ailment is medical or surgical, trivial or severe. Many of these cases are not paupers and have no orders from the parish entitling them to medical attendance. In fact, there is a large works establishment close to the Infirmary which makes use of the resident doctors in this illegal manner in every case of accident or illness occurring amongst its workmen. Many of these earn £2 to £5 weekly, and any of the outside medical men (of whom there are many in the immediate district) would be only too pleased to accept the post of works' doctor on the usual terms.

We wonder who gets paid for this accommodation—certainly the doctors get nothing, except an occasional badgering from the master if any workman expresses dissatisfaction with the treatment. The Infirmary dressings and medicines intended solely for paupers are used on these well-to-do patients, and it is surprising that the L.G.B. does not put a stop to the illegality. By this system the medical officers' proper work is almost doubled.

The probationer nurses are engaged on the understanding that they are to be allowed one evening a week, every alternate Sunday evening and one day a month; this contract is broken from the beginning. During the first year they get no time off during the week and not even the alternate Sunday evenings regularly. In the second year they get an evening a fortnight alternating the day off the following fortnight.

The infirmary is evidently an establishment to be avoided—by both patients and employés.

THE Y.M.C.A. ON THE WAR-PATH.

PRACTICAL JOKES OR PRACTICAL RELIGION?

We have previously protested against the methods of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is at it again—in order to increase its membership. It has devised a game, forming two sides, the Reds and the Blues (why not call them Liberals and Conservatives?), and they are having a match to see which can collect most recruits. There is nothing to be said against that, but their methods are, to say the least, undesirable.

They invade business offices, haunt railway stations, where loitering is supposed to be prohibited, and interrupt digestion by forcing conversation in eating-houses. One of their leaders has been telling a journalist that he allows each "soldier" (otherwise canvasser) to "employ his own ruses." This is almost a confession of trickery, and some of the ruses are not in the best taste.

Appeals to avoid "landladies' cats" reflect upon a struggling class; promises of gymnasiums, swimming baths, restaurants, etc., smack of what has been termed meat-piety, and will attract young men on false pretences to a particular form of religion; and what shall we say of imitation summonses? Imagine the feelings of an impecunious and nervous youth who is suddenly presented with a blue paper, beginning in old English type and ending, "Hereof fail not at your peril to bring this writ with you."

There should be some law forbidding practical jokes of this unseemly nature. Otherwise the competitions of the Reds and Blues may invite retorts in black and blue.

CROSS, OF CROSS STREET.

A "SPORTING" OFFER.

A correspondent forwards us a sample of the circulars emanating from T. Cross, of 12, Cross Street, E.C., who calls himself a "Sporting Correspondent." We should have preferred another title. Mr. Cross' forte seems to be sending out occasional "special wires" for the modest sum of five shillings *payable in advance*, and if he tips you a winner you give him the odds to five shillings. He states he can accept only a limited number of clients for these wires and that the cream of his intelligence must be treated as private and confidential. We hope the rush will not be too great. How heartrending it would be to have to disappoint all those over the "limited number"! Another feature of Mr. Cross' business is that he gets hold of the "real goods" at 10.30 on the morning of the race. For a paltry two shillings you may have these "goods" wired to you, and if they come off, you just send him the starting price odds to a shilling. We have yet to learn of Mr. Cross' trump card. In a *printed* circular, he says he has something "extra good" for Saturday. "Keep it quiet," he says, "I am not going to ruin the price of this 'job' by letting everybody know." What a charitable lot these tipsters are!

HOW THINGS ARE DONE IN THE PRINCIPALITY.

A MODERN POOH-BAH AND HIS BROTHER.

Some years ago a Welsh School Board advertised for a Clerk. A newly qualified solicitor was appointed and he then commenced professional practice, without objection on the part of the authorities. A short time afterwards he was appointed Town Clerk, in addition to his other post, though subject to the condition that he should not hold the office of Clerk to the Justices. The latter appointment is now vacant, and the Town Clerk's brother, a young and single man in partnership with him, is a candidate for the office—notwithstanding that the two posts should clearly be kept distinct, and to the exclusion of at least two other applicants of about twenty years' standing and whose abilities cannot be denied. Imagine the Town Clerk practising in front of the Bench, as he does, and his learned brother advising the magistrates! Perhaps, however, this direction of public attention to the matter will put things right, as did a similar paragraph in the case of Taunton a short time ago.

BELMONT WORKHOUSE AGAIN.

HUSHING UP HORRIBLE CRIME.

As our readers are aware, we have been keeping an eye upon the happenings at Belmont Workhouse, Sutton. Circumstantial information has now reached us of the committal there by several of the inmates of horrible, unnamable crime. This vice has long been prevalent at the institution, but for some reason the matter has hitherto been hushed up. We understand two of those incriminated have been sent away, instead of being prosecuted. We put it, however, to the Fulham Guardians, who control Belmont, that it is their duty to make an example of the delinquents, as otherwise they may conclude that such practices can be indulged in with impunity.

WEST END PALMISTS.

THE POLICE TAKE ACTION.

As our readers will remember, we have upon several occasions pointed out to the police the gross anomaly of prosecutions being entered upon against the small fry of the fortune-telling fraternity and sisterhood, whilst the larger West End practitioners are left unmolested. Our most recent reference to this unfairness was on September 7th, when we directed the attention of the Chief Commissioner to Khan Yaqin, of 89, New Bond Street. Within a week, the police have called upon these charlatans, informing them that unless they immediately cease business prosecutions will be instituted against them.

"The Curse of Pretty Waitresses"—See "MRS. BULL."

THE SACROSANCT RETURN HALF.

By Robert Flowerdew.

When a man can be dragged before the magistrates and fined forty shillings and costs for selling his own property that he has bought and paid for, it would seem as though there were something a little anomalous in our laws.

When even a country magistrate is constrained to question the logical fairness of a bye-law (even though he may atone for his temerity and absolve himself of any suspicion of being in sympathy with law-breakers by imposing the maximum penalty that the law permits), the logical fairness of the bye-law must be questionable indeed.

The magistrate's point, when he was hearing the case in which the S.E. and C. Railway Company prosecuted an excursionist under a brand-new bye-law for selling the return half of his ticket to Ramsgate, was this, and it seems fairly obvious: the Railway Company had engaged, in selling the ticket, to bring down one person to Ramsgate in the morning and to take one person back at night. What difference could it make to them, and how could they be defrauded, if the person who went back at night was not the person who came down in the morning?

A Gilbertian Situation.

The reply made on behalf of the Company was almost equally obvious, although there is a slightly Gilbertian flavour in the contention that the passenger who comes down to Ramsgate and stays there should pay more for the service rendered him than if he gave the Company the trouble of taking him back. The loss was not on the actual transaction, but on the double transaction for which it was probably a substitute.

The passenger who comes down to Ramsgate by an excursion train without any intention of using the return half of his ticket may reasonably be presumed to have business in the town which would have necessitated his travelling down there, even if there had been no excursion and he had been compelled to pay the ordinary fare—the cheapest single fare is five shillings. Similarly with the passenger who travels from Ramsgate to London at night without making any arrangements for a return journey. If by an arrangement between them they can both get what they want at the price of one 4s. 6d. excursion ticket, then the Company has obviously earned 5s. 6d. less than it might have done from them.

Gaining on Swings *and* Roundabouts.

It is quite easy to understand and sympathise with the Railway Company's point of view. Although the ordinary passenger service could possibly not be run at a profit if the single fare to Ramsgate was less than 5s., it is still quite possible to make a profit by crowding a train on certain days and at certain seasons with excursionists who would not dream of travelling to the seaside for a day at the ordinary fare, and charging only 4s. 6d. for the double journey. The Company does not wish to lose this source of profit. At the same time it does not want its ordinary passenger service to be diminished by the excursion train.

That the leakage should occur is as natural as that the Company should wish to prevent it. Everybody likes to save money, and when a man who has business at Ramsgate finds that by selecting a particular train and dispensing with luggage he can travel more cheaply, it is natural enough that he should avail himself of the day excursion for the single journey. If in Ramsgate he meets a friend who wishes to travel to London in the evening, it is as natural that he should give or sell him the return half ticket which he himself does not need.

There is always a difficulty in selling the same commodity or the same service at two different prices according to the use which the purchaser wishes to make of it. In the case of an ordinary commercial concern I believe that these difficulties are generally found to be insurmountable.

The tradesman who has an "annual sale," and lowers all his prices for a week in order to attract new customers to his shop and tempt the public to purchase goods that they would otherwise purchase elsewhere or do without, is quite aware that he is also enabling his regular customers to buy at the reduced price what they would otherwise have bought from him at the full price. He is aware that many of them will refrain from buying an article they are actually requiring with the deliberate intention of getting it more cheaply at the "sale."

But he makes no attempt to prevent this leakage from his ordinary custom. He may sell a bundle of ties to a customer and know perfectly well that she is buying it for the sake of one or two of them which at ordinary prices would have cost more than the whole bundle, and is intending to give or sell the rest to her friends. But he does not refuse to serve her. And he does not call for a law making the re-sale of what she does not want a finable offence.

What the tradesman does is to calculate this leakage from his ordinary trade as one of the necessary costs of the "sale" to be balanced against its advantages. He takes it into consideration in deciding how often a sale shall be held, and what reductions shall be made on the different articles in his stock.

Now, if the business of a railway company were conducted with the common-sense and business acumen of an ordinary drapery establishment we might expect that it would find it possible to solve the cheap-return problem.

The Business Way.

The fact that the issue of cheap-trip tickets must cause a certain amount of loss in ordinary passenger traffic would be accepted philosophically as inevitable.

That loss should be ascertainable with sufficient nearness for practical business calculation, and be deducted from the profits of the cheap-trip traffic. One could then regulate the frequency and price of the cheap trips to bring the best return possible, taking it for granted that there would be an open sale of return-halves and that every passenger taking the journey either way for purposes of his own would avail himself of the cheap trip whenever it suited his arrangements.

That is the way of modern common-sense business.

The S.E. and C. Company at least prefers the mediæval plan of employing the magistracy and police of the country to assist it in carrying out an impossible ideal. It wishes to make the maximum of profit on its cheap-trip traffic, and in doing it lose nothing on its ordinary passenger traffic. That loss cannot in the nature of the case be comparatively large. What resident of Ramsgate, for instance, having business in London can find it convenient to travel there in the late evening without luggage in a train crowded with tired trippers? I question whether the few shillings he gains by submitting to the inconvenience would excite the cupidity of any great corporation other than a railway company.

The Parliamentary Pull.

The railway company stands outside the business life of the day. Dependent upon Parliament for its monopoly and its privileges, and represented in Parliament with sufficient strength to ensure that its privileges shall not be seriously curtailed, it holds itself above the give-and-take of modern commercial life. It is grudging in its give and greedy in its take. Cursed by a fatal facility for obtaining Government sanction to its bye-laws, it invokes the aid of the magistracy of the country to atone for its want of business acumen. It is as if the inventor of an automatic delivery machine—let us say—found that there was a weak point in his design, and did not trouble to correct it because he had sufficient influence with the police to see that a constable was posted by every machine to make sure that nobody took out his pennyworth of chocolate without putting his penny in the slot.

It is a clumsy way of doing business. It is inefficient. If the sale of return halves could be stopped completely by one prosecution, or by many prosecutions, it would leave the greater part of the railway company's difficulty still unsolved. It would still want another bye-law to make the giving away or the throwing away of half an excursion ticket an indictable offence. The bye-law under which an excursionist has been fined for selling the return half of his ticket is only a month old, and if the spectacle of a man being fined for selling something that he has bought and paid for is accepted as a matter of course by a quiescent public, we may easily see the time arrive when the seaside excursionist will hurry for his return train with the fear of the policeman at his heels, knowing that if by any chance he fails to catch it he will be haled before the magistrates and fined for relieving the railway company of half its obligations.

"How Girls may obtain Husbands"—See "MRS. BULL."

GETTING THE PIP.

HOW THE INSURANCE ACT PENALISES THRIFT.

A Huddersfield reader sends us the following interesting letter, typical of many others we have received :—

After reading your articles regarding the Insurance Act I thought I would let you know how the ninepence for fourpence is working out with me.

Having been drilled to prepare always for a rainy day, I have generally felt comfortable in my mind during the 12 years that I have been married, because I have had expectations of a little relief should I have any illness that kept me from work, and you will know that a man with 4 or 5 kiddies *is* ill when he can stop in bed. For 27 years I have paid into a Sunday School Sick Society and the benefits for 2½d. per week were 10s. per week sick pay and £8 for death. For 16 years I have paid 1s. 7d. a month into a Friendly Society to entitle me to benefits of 10s. per week sick pay, £10 in case of death, and £5 on wife's death. Besides these clubs I had arranged my wages on a "staff" rate, *i.e.*, a weekly wage, work or play, thereby guarding the wife's bit of housekeeping money against sickness; and although there is plenty of extra work found without extra pay, the system has worked both ways and has generally proved a fair bargain.

But please note how I get the *rare and refreshing fruit*. The first Sick Club is connected with a Church School, and, through the Welsh Disestablishment Bill or some other prospective Act, they have become nervous, and anyway they have disbanded and are sharing what they have left. I then arranged to make my State payments through my Friendly Society, and now find that an extra payment of 7d. per month, plus the State scheme moneys, is required to keep me entitled to the *same* benefits as hitherto. This means that I shall now have to pay 1s. 11d. each month to get the benefits I have formerly been entitled to for 1s. 7d. Of course the employer also pays 1s. per month. Last week I got a letter from the office, in which they state:—"We do not, for the present, intend to exercise our *full rights* under the Act by now discontinuing to pay your wages during illness, but until further notice we shall make up to you the difference between the amount of sickness benefit received and the wages you would have received had you remained at work."

So you will see that I pay more for my benefits, and then the employers get it, so I would like to ask you from which point of view in Party Politics I must look to find the juice, as I can only see the pip.

It is certainly very unjust that steady, hard-working men should be penalised in this way. However, our correspondent should cheer up, as in view of the multiplicity of such cases it is impossible that the Act can remain in its present form.

OUR LUDICROUS DIVORCE LAWS.

WHERE IS THE DIVORCE COMMISSION?

A Mrs. Pears recently petitioned for the dissolution of her marriage on the ground of the misconduct and desertion of her husband. The marriage took place in 1889, but after the first child was born the wife gave way to drink, and went to an inebriates' home. While she was there the husband went away with a girl who had been in their service, had lived with her ever since, and had had several children by her. The wife admitted that she brought the petition so that her husband could marry the girl, and that she herself did not desire to remarry.

In giving his decision, the Judge said that he would have been glad to have assisted the petitioner if he could, but he must deal with the matter on the principles of law laid down; the allegations had been proved, but the petition seemed to have been brought in the interests of the person who had been guilty of misconduct, and it would therefore be dismissed.

Technically, the decision is accurate, but it is a most poignant illustration of the lamentable state of our divorce laws.

The pity of it is that very few of such cases come to light; were they all to become known, the public opinion aroused would be irresistible.

MRS. BULL.
EVERY TUESDAY. ONE PENNY.

COLOUR CRAZINESS.

A NEW FORM OF INTELLECTUAL IDIOCY.

By RICARDO.

The comic sixpenn'orth the *Spectator* has been conducting in its columns a most amazing correspondence. It appears that one reader, little guessing the havoc it would cause, weighed in with a letter giving his idea that pain could be represented in colours, one pain one colour, as it were. This is interesting, and at least partly true, for we know that some fevers are scarlet and that jaundice is yellow. However, the writer was not dealing with such simple truths as that; he was finding hues for heartaches and other interesting pains, not deigning to tell us the tint of a toothache or the right colour of a gumboil.

But the mischief was done, the poison was at work. The ball having been set rolling, and the columns of the *Spectator* open to all and sundry cranks with any fantastic notions, there followed letters giving the colours of numbers, of days, and of emotions.

George, we learn, is yellow; perhaps he is jealous. John is white; presumably he is angry, or ill. James is green; let us hope nobody will take advantage of the poor fellow. Robert is chocolate-brown; evidently a bit of a coon. Harriet is reddish-pink; but this, of course, may refer to the times when she blushes. "Dull greyish-blue" is the colour of Jane and of Ann. What does Jane Ann say to this? Is she tinted thusly? I pause for her reply.

The curious thing is that no two correspondents agree to fit the same name with the same colour; they all differ. Robert may be brown to one, to another he is blue, to another green, and so on through all the colours of the rainbow, till poor Robert must appear as if he has come rather badly out of a fierce prize-fight.

So far, no fault can be found with the idiosyncrasies of these exploiters of a new æstheticism, but, when we come to the colours of week-days, as set forth by these ingenious gentlemen, there is room for difference. One correspondent actually says that Wednesday is red. That is sheer nonsense. Wednesday is buff, a beautiful buff, for it is JOHN BULL day, and the colour is everywhere.

Similarly, surely Tuesday is mauve, for that is the day when *Mrs. Bull* permeates the land. Saturday is admittedly pink towards evening, for the football papers make it so. And there is one other day of which it is impossible to entertain any probable doubt whatever; that is, Black Monday.

One cheerful gentleman writes that his little daughters often speak of "a grey smell." It is surely time their father picked up his strap and saw red.

MY HOLIDAYS.

On Monday I got out of bed when I woke,
And eagerly looked thro' the pane,—
I saw it was raining, so murmured, "Dear, dear!"
And got 'neath the blankets again.

On Tuesday I wired for my mack. to be sent.
(The sky was still shedding its tears!)
On Wednesday I got simply soaked when I went
For a stroll along one of the piers.

On Thursday I knew I'd a cold coming on,
The landlady thought I looked ill—
On Friday the doctor said, "Get off to bed,
Your cough shows you've got a bad chill."

From Sat'day right on to the next Friday night
(When I started back home once again),
I lay snug in bed, and just ate, read, and smoked,
And smiled at the torrents of rain.

GREATREX NEWMAN.

OUR NEW NUMBER SCHEME.
FOR REVISED CONDITIONS SEE PAGE ii OF COVER.

THE BOARD OF TRADE ADOPTS "JOHN BULL'S" SUGGESTIONS.

STRIKING DISCLOSURES FOLLOW THE PUBLICATION OF MR. BOTTOMLEY'S RETURNS.

By a Shipping Expert.

The draft of the new Life-saving Rules has been issued early, in order, the President says, that Members of Parliament and other persons interested may have an opportunity of considering them—and, although it is not so stated, to give shipowners and shipbuilders an opportunity to raise objections and to agitate for their modification.

The first thing that strikes one is that John Bull's slogan—"If you see it," etc.—is again proved true, for, as this paper stated, the Board has thrown over its own Advisory Committee, its President boldly saying "he has not been able to adopt the conclusions of the Committee as they stand"; its Nautical Adviser, Captain Young—now occupying the place of Sir John Chalmers, who coolly said at the *Titanic* Inquiry that the Board had no lesson to learn from that disaster—is the man who has drawn up the new Rules, or rather who has adopted the suggestions thrown out at various times by John Bull. I am bold enough to say that every one of the suggestions has in principle been originally formulated in these columns. But I *do* quarrel and I *do* publicly protest against even the smallest detail being left to the discretion of a single member of the present staff of this obsolete autocracy or its Nautical Advisers; as a matter of fact, throughout the whole of the suggestions the most vital points are left to their discretion. For instance, the rule regarding foreign-going steamers states that the davits are to be suitably placed "to the satisfaction of the Board's surveyor," and their number is to be fixed according to that deemed "sufficient in the opinion of the Board's surveyor." The system is bad; there is no efficient supervision; one official crank will want one thing, and one another.

"Fuller Powers" to be Asked For!

A very significant clause is noticeable in one of the concluding paragraphs, viz., "That in any case the Board intend to ask for fuller powers from Parliament, to enable the Board adequately to carry out the extended duties for which they are responsible, and in any case considerable strengthening of the Surveying Staff will be necessary." So we are not to have a clearance of the Augean stable of the Marine Department—that is, if the Board can help it. But fancy putting greater powers in the hands of the present incompetents!

Lifeboats for all is a very attractive headline, but lifeboats under improper control as to lowering, etc., are—as has been repeatedly stated in these columns—worse than useless. It is gratifying to notice that the statement in John Bull that collapsible boats and rafts are death-traps and are useless is agreed to by the Board, and the former are no longer to be allowed. But can any sane person say why only half of the lifeboats are to be fitted with masts, sails, compasses, biscuits, wave-subduing oil, signal lights and matches? Who can tell which set of boats will get away from a wreck?

As John Bull has pointed out, a ridiculous method has hitherto been adopted for calculating the persons to be carried, and it has given figures to prove that the boats would not float with the full number allowed. The Board agree, and have altered the method of calculation.

They also practically agree with what this journal has said regarding the present davits—that they are useless—and suggest other ways of launching boats from high-sided vessels. But why not stipulate that electric cranes, the power being supplied by a motor-driven plant on the boat deck—as suggested in this journal—should be fitted, and honestly admit the source of their idea?

A glaring anomaly in these latest Regulations is in connection with the old and ridiculous rule that a cargo steamer, with no passenger certificate, should be compelled to carry "lifeboats" (before it was "boats") on both sides for all on board. Why, if it is necessary to carry double boating accommodation on a cargo steamer—where, to a certain extent all are seafaring men and should understand how to get into and launch them—should it not be even more so on a passenger vessel?

The number of davits to be fitted is to be governed by the length of the vessel. Of course, this rule is only made to bluff the public. As John Bull has stated more than once, if a practical Business Government had the matter in hand they would compel every vessel to be fitted with davits amidships capable of lifting out boats for all persons on board.

The "Boats for All" Bluff.

A striking exhibition of the Board's weakness and their subservience to the shipowning interest is the statement that there is no power to compel a vessel to be properly and efficiently manned, and also that there is no power to make boat drill compulsory. Was there ever such a farce? They can make rules compelling vessels to carry boats, to equip the boats and to carry lifebuoys and life-jackets, but they confess they have no power to make the shipowners provide men sufficient and efficient to handle the boats and to make the owners see that the crews are properly drilled. Have they issued this document, heading it "Boats for All," in order to keep the public quiet? It would seem as if this were the case, as some of the most vital matters are still left over—for instance, the Report of the Davits and Boats Committee and the Bulkheads Committee. Although it is pleasing to notice that no reduction in lifeboats is to be allowed for bulkheads "approved" by the Board, this is practically no guarantee of safety at all. Several other matters—such as wireless telegraphy, speed in the vicinity of ice, and steamship routes—are also omitted.

The truth is that the Board and its marine staff are in a fright lest they lose their jobs in consequence of the exposures of John Bull, and to save their skins this draft Report has been issued when only half of the details in regard to the safety of life at sea have been considered. It has even been issued before the latest appointed Committee—the Lifeboats and Davits Committee—have held a meeting, inventors having been given till October 1st to send in suggestions!

The Board attach great importance to one point as likely to be an immense factor in the saving of life, viz., throughout the Report life-belts are called "life-jackets." No doubt the Boddy Syndicate, whose registered name is here used, will see that due credit is given them.

The Pleasure-Seeker's Peril.

And now to come to the coasting and excursion steamers. For all practical purposes, no more lifeboats are asked for than have hitherto been supplied. It is easy to recognise the difficulty, but what this paper has always contended is that vessels crossing the Channel, especially excursion steamers, run far more risk than ocean-going ships; and yet we find that though licensed for 2,658 persons they are allowed to go to sea with boat accommodation for but 560—even to the Isle of Man, where in all probability a collision in a fog will one day occur, resulting in the death of at least 2,000 persons. And still there is to be little or no alteration as regards boats, but life-rafts—whatever they may be (the "approval" of the Board may mean nothing)—are to be supplied.

The whole of the Regulations for excursion and cross-channel steamers are ridiculous, and the newly appointed efficient surveyors, who will replace the present effete staff, should be instructed to license vessels to carry only such persons as there are really sufficient lifeboats or good rafts for. The present life-belt is a source of danger, as unless put on and adjusted properly it will float a person upside down.

At last the Board have issued the Return moved for by Mr. Bottomley, showing the authorised number of persons allowed to be carried on each steamer, with the lifeboat accommodation, and such Return, as anticipated, shows a terrible state of affairs, which would have gone on for years had he not called attention to the matter in the House of Commons. His prediction was fulfilled in the *Titanic* disaster. We find the *Mauretania* licensed to carry 2,972 passengers, with boats for 976; the *Ben-my-Chree* (Isle of Man) licensed to carry 2,638, with boats for 560; the *Manxman* (Isle of Man), 1,648, with boats for 294; the *Invicta* (Dover), 1,352, with boat accommodation for 251; the *Lord of the Isles*, 1,105, with boats for 22. This is a terrible exhibition of the utter want of thought and control exercised by the Board, and its perilous negligence in this respect, which would never have come to the public knowledge but for this Return.

The Popular Song, "Beautiful Garden of Roses," Words and Music—

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

A STORY OF STRATEGY.

By Richard Morton.

Chapter I.—Rural England Invaded.

The countryside was in commotion. The oldest inhabitant could remember nothing like it. England had been invaded by her own troops, and Thomas Atkins was as thick as the blackberries on the bushes.

Most of them cantered by in troops, while the village gasped. Hussars, horseguards, dragoons, lancers, came, were seen, and vanished, a cloud of dust acting as a final curtain. Now and then a motor-car shot by at a speed defying all regulations; such dare-devilry could only be indulged in by a general or a newspaper-correspondent. There were motor-cyclists as well, and pedal-cyclists, and commissariat wagons, and quick-firing guns.

All this was on the main road, on the outskirts of the village, and the majority of the soldiers had passed by midday. It was a little later when a troop composed of a dusty dozen of the Oth Dragoons, led by a young officer, pulled up at a "public" on the other side of the village, far from the main road, all alone in a secluded lane that was thick with trees.

"Halt!" cried the officer. But the men had already halted, and were slipping from their saddles.

The officer threw down a sovereign. "Have what you like till I come back," he said. "Just keep quiet, and consider you are prisoners, or in ambush, or anything else you like; only take care nobody sees you." He rode, jingling, away.

The joyous dozen made merry, and nothing happened for an hour. Then a panting soldier cyclist came wobbling to the inn, tired and athirst.

"I say, you're yellow, ain't you?" asked a bold dragoon.

"Yes," said the cyclist, "but give me a pint, quick, please. I want it!"

"Well, we are pink," said the dragoon. "I guess we must take you prisoner till our captain returns."

"If you'll only order me a tankard, I guess you can shoot me for a deserter," said the cyclist. "I'll agree to anything."

Chapter II.—Harbouring a Deserter.

Meanwhile, the officer had ridden up the drive of a nice house near the common. The arrival of a soldier had brought the servants out in a body, and their lord and master was obliged to clear his lawn before turning to the horseman. Then, "Why, bless me, isn't it Peter?" he cried.

"Same man," returned the officer. "How is it, Horace? How's the world wagging?"

"Why, but—have you dropped from the clouds?"

"Look here, old man, for three years you've been worrying me to come and see you, and for three years I've been putting it off like a pig. To-day I looked at the map of operations, located just where I was, couldn't make head or tail of the fight, didn't know which was yellow and which was pink, so I managed to get lost with a dozen of my men—and now, if you've got any lunch and anything fit to drink, set it before me!"

His friend smiled whimsically. "What's the punishment for harbouring a deserter?" he asked.

"Boiling oil, I expect."

"Right-oh. I'll risk it. Come in."

Chapter III.—Welcome the Conqueror!

All over the countryside, for mile after mile, the manœuvres were in progress and the great battle was going on. Nobody missed the young officer of dragoons.

After lunch, he rejoined his men at the little village "public." The captured cyclist, belonging to the yellow enemy, was brought before him. "Shall we hang him or shoot him?" asked the sergeant of the pinks.

A great idea flashed into the brain of the young officer. "Get back to your troop, tell 'em we're here in ambush, and let 'em come along in force and wipe us out. We'll wait till you come back."

The cyclist saluted, and sped away.

"It would be a pity to leave here," mused the officer. "Who would have thought Horace's sister would have grown up such a pretty girl!"

RE-REGISTERING A PRE-NUPTIAL CHILD.

BUSINESSLIKE PROCEEDINGS BY SOMERSET HOUSE.

Our recent paragraph respecting the re-registration in his parents' surname of a child born before marriage has brought us many enquiries from persons desirous of similarly rectifying the injustice done to their innocent offspring. Our correspondent has been kind enough to send us copies of the letters which passed upon the matter.

Following an enquiry directed to the Registrar-General at Somerset House, came a request that the birth certificate should be forwarded for inspection, with a statement of the date and place of marriage of the parents. In a day or two the Registrar-General wrote that he would be prepared to issue his authority for the re-registration of the birth if he were assured that the parents were willing to attend with the Registrar of the Sub-District in which the birth was first notified at the office of his Superintendent to sign jointly a new entry and to pay statutory fees amounting to 10s. At the same time, he pointed out that such entry would show that the parents had married since the birth. Following this came a letter containing the addresses of the officials, whereupon the appointment was made, the parents attended, a new stamped certificate was drawn up and a fresh entry made in the Register (which was duly signed)—the old certificate being destroyed. Our correspondent, who had, of course, come prepared with the 10s., was gratefully surprised when the Registrar's Chief Clerk told him there was no charge.

Throughout the whole of this matter the much abused Somerset House Department has certainly acted in a prompt and even generous manner—just as it would do under a Business Government.

PITY THE POOR EDITOR!

MORE GEMS FROM OUR LETTER BAG.

Being a reader of John Bull, I would be glad if you could let me know of a company who takes window cleaners under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1901.

What would be the cost of a suit of armour, and would the rain come through the joints?

AN "ACCIDENT"—AL POEM.

[*Accident: an unforeseen or unexpected event; that which takes place or exists without an efficient intelligent cause.*—Dictionary Definition.]

Ye "Hearts of Oak," of Merry England's shore,
Take "Refuge" in the thought that now no more
Shall ye be pestered with a doctor's bill.
Au contraire, pay it now—before you're ill.
Give to the State your surplus £ s. d.,
And (if you're lucky) doctors treat you free.

Insurance companies, with banners brave,
Rise, like the "Phœnix," from their ashy grave
Of past neglect; meet your bewildered eyes
In street, and tube and tramcar, thick as flies;
Stare from the walls, and wink at you in rows,
Millions on millions O's and O's and O's!

And all these benefits, which you may share,
Are fostered by the most "Prudential" care
Of that heroic band, by "Accident,"
Our "Provident," yet Liberal, Government,
Whose lofty "Standard" is beyond attack—
They "sub" the substance, give the shadow back.

So here's a "Health" to all "Insurance Bills"
Which thrive and flourish upon "National" ills.
No "Star"-like diamond shimmers in our sky,
And tho' we're promised "Pearls"—yes, "by and bye,"
These Acts are Moonshine to "Eclipse" the "Sun"—
I'd sink them in the "Ocean" every one.

M. Elton.

Included in this week's "MRS. BULL." Of all Newsagents, 1d.

LEGISLATIVE QUACKS.

PARTY POLITICIANS' PETTIFOGGING POLITICS—SOCIALISM—CO-PARTNERSHIP—LAND REFORM.

By T. Good.

The recent huge and dramatic strikes have prompted all sorts of queer quacks to offer industrial peace pills, mostly in the form of legislative measures, and Parliament is being speeded-up to turn out new laws with sausage-machine regularity and prodigality. Yet, as a matter of fact, a great many of our labour and social troubles are the direct results of over-doses of legislative interference. The coal strike was the outcome of the Eight Hours Act. The political quacks have rammed too many of their poisonous pills down our throats, and we are in danger of a surfeit.

In the din created by the multitude of quacks it is difficult for level-headed and honest-hearted reformers to get a hearing. And, unfortunately, the quacks too often succeed in palming off their spurious goods upon the public. That is why in a journal like this [quite true, Mr. Editor, there is no other journal exactly like this] it is one of our prime duties to expose the quacks and their nostrums. So long as these quacks monopolise nearly every organ in the Press and nearly every seat in Parliament—so long, at any rate, as they are read, heard, and heeded and obeyed by the nation, it is more important that we should expose and discredit these false leaders of public opinion and makers of mischievous laws than that we should map out any particular plan of social regeneration ourselves. Expose the humbugs and their humbugging laws and politics—that is the immediate task.

Broadly, these social millennium-mongers resolve themselves into three groups, or schools of thought. I mean schools of stupidity. There is the socialistic school. This group comprises a very large number of Liberals and Tories as well as avowed Socialists. Indeed, most of our current legislation has a strong socialist flavour. Then there is the little capitalist school—the co-partnershippers and the small-holdingites. And there is the school of pure mastership—the put-the-workers-in-their-proper-place advocates; the grind-'em and flog-'em and starve-'em and shoot-'em brigade of pious philosophers. Let us examine them.

Socialism and Servitude.

The ultimate object of the Socialists is the nationalisation and municipalisation of all industries. Their more immediate object is to bring the ordinary citizen under official control. Enterprise is to be so harassed, industry is to be so taxed, and trade unionism is to be so regulated—in a word, men and trades and organisations are to lose all freedom of action—until, finally, everybody and everything become the slaves and tools of State and municipal officials. And that is the direction in which we are being driven. The Compulsory Insurance Act, aiming at the abolition of friendly societies and trade unions, and the numbering, ticketing and inspecting of the workers, to say nothing of Minimum Wage Acts, Labour Exchanges, Shop Acts, Children Acts, etc., is evidence of the real intentions of the governing class, now converted to a certain kind of Socialism.

The central idea of this school is compulsion—not merely the compulsory control of criminals, which is necessary, but of honest citizens. In the office and the workshop, in the home and in our amusements, in our every action from cradle to grave, we are to be subject to tight laws and tyrannical inspectors. Nay, more—there is a movement on foot to regulate us before we are born, like pigs. So far as the vexed labour problem is concerned, it must be pointed out that the Socialism so widely advocated just now means simply the substitution of a government boss for a capitalist boss. But this remedy would be worse than the disease. Can any sane body imagine that labour, discontented with service under employers, will be satisfied to accept servitude under State officials? As a matter of fact, our Socialists are aiming at something far worse than the worst military conscription the world has yet seen—they are aiming at unlimited, absolute industrial and social conscription. The working classes, men, women and children, are to be placed under Government jacks-in-office, clothed with legal authority to impose their every will, whim, fad and tyranny.

Co-partnership Humbugs.

Then there are the co-partnership and small-holdings faddists. These people, like the Socialists, are working in the direction of something perilously near slavery. Their central idea is to make every man a little capitalist or a shareholder. The town worker is to be a co-partner, and the country worker a small farmer. The delusion is hugged that if our factory workers are promised a 5 per cent. bonus they will never strike for a 10 per cent. advance of wages. Contentment cannot be purchased at such a price. Besides, the co-partnership scheme is unworkable on a large scale. Take any big trade—coal mining, or engineering—and you will find a few firms, in their most favourable years, making 30, 40, or even 50 per cent. dividends; and you will find others losing money. That being the case, you would have, under a real co-partnership system, the men in one pit, or one shop, enjoying nearly double wages, while their mates in the next pit or shop would find their wages below the standard. With co-partnership made general we could not stop at giving labour a share of the profits. Labour would inevitably have to share in the losses. That would not lead to industrial peace. The ordinary capitalist can invest in several separate undertakings. He can afford to lose on some of them, at least temporarily, because he is gaining on others. But the workman can only draw wages from one firm at a time, and could not, therefore, balance matters.

Land Deformers.

Equally absurd is the small agricultural holdings idea. In a very limited number of cases, under highly favourable conditions, men may and do thrive on small holdings. But the general application of the principle, such as is advocated on both sides of the House of Commons, would carry us back into something like the dark ages. Those political quacks who imagine they can solve the land problem by putting every agricultural labourer on a miserable miniature farm, and condemning him to perpetual business worry as well as ceaseless toil, under the most uneconomical conditions, must be mentally deficient. I often wonder why these land deformers do not carry their doctrine to a logical conclusion by suggesting small coal mines, small factories, and small Parliaments. Why not set every collier to get coal "on his own"? Why not make every weaver work in his own kitchen? Why not divide the collective wisdom of the House of Commons into 670 separate units? Have a Parliament of one in every constituency. For example, why not split up our big and splendid shipyards into little concerns? Let us have a million small shipbuilders in a million small shipyards. Away with the big yards and their economy and efficiency. Away with the big ships. Let us get back to wooden canoes. We are wooden-headed enough. Here to-day, in the twentieth century, in the face of keen foreign competition, mostly organised and co-operative—certainly scientific—and with cheap and rapid ocean transit to aid our competitors, it is solemnly proposed to bring prosperity to British agriculture by big taxes and little farms. Only by the most efficient co-operation could small holdings generally be made even moderately successful, and only then by the holder and every member of his family slaving early and late, seven days a week. But the British agriculturist does not lend himself readily to co-operation. It is only by huge farms, scientifically managed, the labour on them sub-divided and specialised as in our most successful manufacturing trades, that our agricultural salvation can be effected. Where would our boot trade be if conducted on the principle of one man to make one pair completely? It would be swamped by foreign competition. Yet this is the principle our pettifogging party political pifflers want to apply to agriculture—one man on one farm to conduct every process of production. As well have one man to produce a newspaper.

Away with political quacks! When we want a new suit we go to a skilled tailor. When we are sick we send for a skilled doctor. While we adopt that obviously common-sense policy in our private affairs, we entrust our vastly more important public business to quacks.

A Dramatic New Serial by Gertie de S. Wentworth James—

SHAKESPEARE AND THE WEATHER.

BY "RETLAW."

A careful perusal of the works of Shakespeare leads to the conclusion that on one occasion during his life there occurred a summer as bad, if not worse, than that we have just endured; and that he was moved from time to time to give vent to his thoughts on the subject.

The native serenity of supreme genius appears to have fortified him against the inclement weather in its earliest stages.

"We have seen better days,"

he says mildly, reluctant to commit himself to a dogmatic criticism of the meteorological conditions. Then, with noble self-forgetfulness, he makes a sympathetic reference to the susceptibility of one of his friends to low temperature:

"Tom's a-cold,"

he says, adding:

"'Tis lack of kindly warmth,"

and suggesting that the said Tom is:

"Servile to all the skyey influences."

So far, you will have noticed, there has been no admission on his own part of any physical discomfort arising from the unseasonable cold; but presently he is forced to confess that

"It is a nipping and an eager air,"

and one can easily imagine his shiver as he said the words.

Apparently at this stage he began to have some sort of premonition of the troubles ahead. Lifting his noble brow, he in all probability cast a keen glance around the horizon. For does he not say, in a tone of ominous enquiry:

"Sits the wind in that corner?"

adding under his breath:

"From the still-vexed Bermoothes."

It is obvious that the result of his observations was not encouraging, and it is reasonable to suppose that he lost no time in taking necessary precautions:

"When clouds are seen wise men put on their cloaks,"

he says; and we are justified in assuming that he acted upon his somewhat trite assertion.

From this time onward the conditions grew rapidly worse; and we find Shakespeare losing a measure of the placid acquiescence that had so far marked his attitude towards the weather.

"The rain it raineth every day,"

he complains;

"And coughing drowns the parson's saw,"—

which might be considered a highly desirable thing by many persons forced, for business reasons, to listen, Sunday after Sunday, to the monotonous drone of an incompetent parson.

At this stage Shakespeare's feelings begin to get the better of him. His observations upon the weather acquire more vigour. He is forced to admit that he is not altogether superior to "the skyey influences" himself, for he confesses that:

"These foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit."

Here we catch the immortal in one of his weak moments. He speaks of:

"Swearing till the very roof was dry."

But the rebellious mood passes. He again becomes resigned—with a suggestion of complaint:

"The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death."

But, the influence of

"The wat'ry star"

persisting, and the earth remaining,

"Like Niobe, all tears,"

he becomes desperate, and dares to invoke even worse things than he has already survived:

"The storm is up, and all is on the hazard,"

he cries, adding:

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!"

later exclaiming in a frenzy:

"Let the sky rain potatoes!"

But the crisis had passed; and he presently observed signs that led him to:

"Expect St. Martin's Summer, halcyon days."

We trust his expectations were not disappointed, and that our own, in this present month of September, may prove equally well justified.

HUMAN DOCUMENT.—CCXII.

[In this column, every week, we publish particulars of some human derelict whose case, after full investigation, we are able to recommend to the charity of our readers. We are happy to say that in this way we have already been the means of bringing comfort into many a wretched home. All amounts subscribed are duly acknowledged, and no deduction of any kind is made by us.]

"DISCHARGED UNFIT"—AND UNPROVIDED FOR.

The following letter speaks for itself:—"I am a soldier discharged from the Royal Field Artillery, having served in the North-West Frontier of India, receiving a medal and two bars (the Punjaub Frontier, 1897-8, and the Tirah, 1897-8), and was invalided in 1899 on a temporary relief of 6d. a day for twelve months, after which it was stopped. Since then I have not been able to stand much work; my complaint has gradually got worse, and for the last three years I have been obliged to apply for relief from the ratepayers. I have a wife and six children dependent on me. The various hospitals and doctors I have been under certify me as suffering from phthisis and tuberculosis, following on the complaint I was invalided for. It seems hard that the Army takes a man in good health and casts him off when his health has been broken through serving his country on a paltry sum of 6d. a day. I was without pension for eleven years, when through the kindness of a gentleman who interceded on my behalf I was allowed the sum of 6d. a day for life from March 20th, 1911. But this, together with the 7s. 6d. the parish allows me, is not sufficient to keep myself, wife and six children and pay rent. If I could only get an increase of my pension and obtain some assistance to keep my family from the union I should be so very grateful."

We are sure this old warrior's pathetic words will arouse the generous instincts of our readers.

We have received the following amounts, which we have duly forwarded to the subjects of the "Human Documents" named:

CCVII.—M. A. K., 5s.; F. H., 2s.; "Rifleman," 5s.; A. B., 5s.; H. T. T. G., 2s. 6d.; L. W. B., 4s.

CCVIII.—A. B., 5s.; A. T., 2s. 6d.

CCIX.—A. B., 5s.; E. S. M., 10s.; "Little Pilper," 2s.

CCX.—"The Toombs," 2s. 6d.; J. L., 3s.; "Anonymous," 5s.; R. C., 1s.

CCXI.—J. S. T., 2s. 6d.; "Ex-hunger," 2s. 6d.; "Elstow," 1s.; "Mattie," 2s.; "A Widow," £1.

OUR COLLECTING BOXES.

By the kindness of many of our readers we are enabled to add to our "Human Document" fund by means of collecting boxes, which they are good enough to place on their premises. We shall be glad to hear from others willing to assist in this work.

NOTTINGHAM.—Mr. F. Trout, New Inn, Union Road, 1s.; Mr. Dan Dominie, Golden Fleece, Mansfield Road, 7d.; Mr. C. Prince, Greyhound, London Road, 3d.

LONDON.—Mr. W. M. Hill, The Crown, Mayfield Road, Dalston, 5d.; Mr. F. Duell, The Clarendon, Mildmay Park, 6½d.; Mr. R. T. Artst, 515a, Kingsland Road, N., 1s 1½d.; Mr. H. Parr, Coach and Horses, Matthias Road, Stoke Newington, 3½d.; Mr. H. Punnell, 37, Park St., Upper St., Islington, 2s. 1½d.; Mr. L. F. Brocon, Alwyne Castle, St. Paul's Road, Canonbury, 5d.; Mr. G. Nosworthy, Duke of Cambridge, Boundary Road, Walthamstow, 4d.; Mr. W. Biden, Clothworkers' Arms, 52, Arlington Street, New North Road, 3½d.; Mr. H. Briggs, 50, Newington Green, N., 9d.

Total 8s. 2½d., which we have allocated to CCX.

BATTENING ON "OUT-OF-WORKS."

EMPLOYMENT AGENCIES' BOGUS VACANCIES.

Letters of a heartrending nature are so constantly reaching us from the unemployed who have been swindled out of money, that a word of advice seems necessary. These agencies, although registered, continue to fleece with impunity those on the look-out for work. Almost any day one cares to pick up a morning paper one finds advertisements emanating from such concerns offering tempting berths. As a matter of fact, in nine cases out of ten there are no vacancies whatever, the announcements being merely dodges to secure booking fees. We hope this will act as a warning to out-of-works—and also to fee-snatchers.

Begins in this week's "MRS. BULL." Now on sale.

FAMILY BUDGETS.

By Jim Crow.

[Mr. James Crow is our Licensed Crank. A brilliant exponent of unconventional ideas—invariably distorted and lacking in perspective, cynical and epigrammatic in expression—he is a journalistic cat amongst the pigeons. We accept no responsibility for his opinions—or his life.]

I have read with amusement and amazement a large number of letters wherewith a morning newspaper has sought to relieve the silly season. They purport to reveal the way in which the average family regulates its budget, and they remind me of a funny journal which reproduced a photograph of a bankrupt peer's wedding presents and printed underneath: "How the Poor Live."

The Rich Poor.

Of course it is all a question of environment. A working man with £3 a week is ten times richer than a society parasite with £150 a year. In other words, the rich poor fare far better than the poor rich. The working man will enjoy all the luxuries he ever dreamed of and save a nice sum every year, while the parasite will be shabby, subservient, unhappy, always in debt. In fact, I do not see how anyone can keep up what are called appearances on anything less than £1,500 or £2,000 a year.

The Twelve-Pound Minimum.

Let me give my own experience first. As I told the Official Receiver at my public examination, I have no more sense of money than of musick. Still, I did make an experiment in economy last summer. Knowing how well the world respects my intellect, it seemed incredible that I should not be able to master a simple science—the science of making both ends meet—which every little two-penny-halfpenny clerk masters with ease in his suburb. So I bought a Russia-leathern account-book and took a Virginia-creeper-covered cottage in Chelsea. I kept only one servant, I eschewed taxi-cabs, I drank nothing stronger than ginger-ale, but I could never manage to reduce my expenditure below £12 a week, and that without including clothes and other purchases on credit.

Economical Expenditure.

I have burnt my account-book long ago, but I can give you approximate items and challenge you to tell me how I could have fared more cheaply without violent departure from my lowest standard of comfort. Here is the average weekly budget:—

	£	s.	d.
Rent of furnished cottage	2	12	6
Servant's wage at £30 per annum	0	12	6
Typist-secretary's salary	1	15	0
Gas and electric light		6	0
Butcher		17	0
Fishmonger and poulterer		7	6
Grocer, greengrocer, baker, milkman, etc.		18	0
Laundry		7	6
Stationery and postage		10	0
Locomotion (omnibus and tube)		5	0
Entertainment of friends	2	0	0
Cigarettes (only 25 a day)		14	0
Amusements and sundries	1	1	0
Total	£12	6	0

The Pains of Parsimony.

Now I defy anyone to point to a single item which can fairly be called extravagant. Six guineas affords the bed-rock minimum for a decent and accessible furnished house, and I spent only 2½. I could not have less than one servant, could I? Otherwise all my time would have been devoted to scrubbing and cooking and bed-making, and I should have had to desert you, my hearties—worse still, I should not have earned a pittance sufficient to satisfy my modest wants. A typist is also a necessity, for dictation trebles my output and I abhor pen and ink. For one thing, the smell of ink is worse than that of whisky. The food-merchants' bills show how Spartan was my fare. Unless I took to bread and dripping, or nut-cutlets and mock chicken, I could not have spent a stiver less. Then look at the parsimony of my entertainment. Why, £2 represent only two lunches or one dinner, with a few glasses of usquebaugh thrown in for the groundlings. Nor does a guinea allow much for amusements and sundries. Remember that a weekly guinea means only three shillings a day. A fat lot of fun can be bought for three shillings, I do *not* think. Ask dear old Jane Ann. Now you will understand why she never eloped with me.

Advantages of Adversity.

Come, let me examine the sober, serious budgets, which the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* have confessed for our edification. The keynote of them all is "Thrift, thrift, Horatio," as Bacon the Bard was wont to murmur. Never would I have dreamed that there could exist in this rollicking planet so many stern, sober economists, carefully watching each elusive bawbee, stinting themselves of food and joy, paying tithes to doubtful insurance companies, guarding themselves with chain-armour against rainy days instead of being content with the humble umbrella. Dear me, rainy days are fine fun for plucky people; they test your resources, develop your character. I remember once, when I had but a florin to last me to the end of the week. I beheld a gorgeous carnation in a window and had to expend eighteenpence to buy it for the Beloved. It is true that I borrowed a fiver from her, but that is another story, as a certain vulgarian is wont to write. Another time I staked my last louis at roulette and won £280 in half an hour.

Tricks of Thrift.

I mention these personal details only as a taunt for the smug collectors of coins who exhibit their cold calculations in the public press. One serious spinster reveals a device prolonging the life of boots: "You can teach yourself to walk in such a way as to wear exactly in the middle of the soles and on the outside of the heels. You see, they will always look well from the front, and the heels can be decorated with a four-pronged stud, unless you like a noiseless step and wear rubbers. This is the best way to wear one's boots, besides which it will quite deceive the sharp-eyed observer who relies on those deficiencies to find out your character." But why desire to conceal the character unless it be a bad one? And fancy cultivating a stilted walk to save a few pence a year in shoe-leather!

The Silliness of Saving.

Believe me, my dear disciples, economy is a delusion and a snare. Either it makes you dispirited and you earn less than you would otherwise do, or you accumulate savings which your heirs will squander in dissipation. I have before me the case of a man who pinched and scraped for fifteen years. He subscribed to a building society and bought a little house with a mortgage. Every year he spent more on repairs than he would have spent on rent. Then the building society went into liquidation, the mortgage was called in, and he could not find a purchaser for his house at any price. Meanwhile he had been investing all his scrapings in Consols through the Post Office Savings Bank, and he now finds he has lost 25 per cent. through the depreciation of that security. So much (or rather so little) for thrift, Horatio!

Why Pay Rent?

The main items in all these precious budgets are rent, taxes, housekeeping, education, holidays, charities, clothes, insurance and sundries. The only one that worries me is rent. I view it with a Celtic temperament and always agree with the advertisement which asks, "Why pay rent?" That is all very well, but you have to be very crafty to avoid evictions and bum-bailiffs, and the chief thing to remember is that possession is nine-tenths of the law: once you are installed, it is very troublesome to drive you away. In old days, 10 per cent. of income was allocated to rent by economists; now rents have gone up and you must allow 20 per cent. to 25 per cent.—at least on paper. But landlords are an accursed race, and 0 per cent. is the goal to aim at. As for taxes, you can always evade them by going bankrupt or being certified as a lunatic.

Give the largest possible percentage to "sundries." They include all the joys of life, and when tradesmen see you cutting a dash they are never in a hurry to send in their accounts. Of course you may prefer to pay ready money for everything, but then you will always be hard up. Spend as little as possible on so-called education, for your children only begin to learn how to live after leaving school. Remember also that charity begins at home. Why not let it end there? I wish I could practise what I preach.

"Where Best Clothes Count"—See "MRS. BULL."

AN EXPLANATION

Great Free Offer Extended for Ten Days.

WHEN we make a promise we carry it out, no matter what the cost. Some readers of our advertisements did not notice that there were certain conditions attached to our LAST free offer and have consequently been disappointed at not receiving a free bottle of Hall's Wine without fulfilling these conditions. Our aim has always been, and always will be, NOT to mislead the public, but to act strictly in accordance with the statements made, and to put nothing but the plain truth IN ALL OUR ADVERTISEMENTS. Rather than ONE of our customers should be disappointed, we have decided to extend our former offer **WITHOUT ANY RESTRICTIONS** other than signing your full name and address on the officially numbered free order which we have sent, or will send to every purchaser of a 3/6 bottle of Hall's Wine.

See coupon below.

Our Word is Our Bond.

WHEN RUN DOWN, WEAK AND NERVOUS, TAKE

great care, for it is *then* you are most liable to colds, chills, neuralgia, and influenza, especially during changeable weather. This state of health needs urgent attention. Nature is crying in no unmistakable manner for nourishment to feed the starved nerves and tissues, the starved blood and brain, the starved vital functions, and you can only understand this great need when you realise what a few medicinal doses of Hall's Wine have done for you—when you have proved our statement that there is nothing *quite* so good as Hall's Wine for overwrought nature. Its great power in quickening the metabolic changes by converting the nourishment of food into healthy blood, hastening nutritive repair, and building up flesh, *cannot* be mistaken. Is it any wonder that Hall's Wine has earned the name of The Marvellous Restorative?

Hall's Wine

THE MARVELLOUS RESTORATIVE.

READ THE SIMPLE CONDITIONS.

You who are in good health do not fully realise what maternity or very serious illness means—the dangers of relapse—the anxious moments of friends. Your turn may come next—neglect—changeable weather—overwork, worry, depression, any of these things may in a moment bring serious illness. It's the little ills that beget big ones. Protect yourself now—insure your health to-day. Go to your Wine Merchant, Licensed Grocer or Licensed Chemist, and purchase a 3/6 bottle of Hall's Wine and post the receipt to us with the Coupon opposite. In return we will send you an officially numbered Free Order which, when signed with your full name and address, will entitle you to a 2/- bottle of Hall's Wine from any Wine Merchant, Licensed Grocer or Licensed Chemist, anywhere in the United Kingdom. *There are no other conditions.* You can use the Coupon we send you yourself, or you can give it to a friend

Hall's Wine is sold in large bottles price 3/6 and 2/-. If unable to get Hall's Wine in your district send direct to us.

COUPON

Messrs. STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD., Bow, London.

By Appointment To H.M. King Manuel of Portugal and T.M. The King & Queen of Spain

Dear Sirs,—I enclose receipt for a large 3/6 bottle of Hall's Wine purchased by me. Please send me your officially-numbered Free Gift Order which will entitle me to a 2/- bottle of Hall's Wine from any Wine Merchant, Licensed Grocer or Licensed Chemist when filled in with my full name & address.

NAME .....

STREET .....

TOWN .....

WRITE DISTINCTLY.

J. B. 1221

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Prime Minister.

Dear Prime Minister,—I notice that the stream of by-elections still flows strongly against you; and I want to ask you to consider, at this early stage, what is to be the effect of this state of things, should it continue (as it looks like doing). Do you remember my warning you, in the House of Commons, that the Parliament Act, on which you and your colleagues set such store, would be your undoing by keeping your big measures in suspense till the country grew tired of them? That is one aspect of the matter, and has nothing to do with the clumsy Insurance Scheme which you permitted Mr. Lloyd George to palm off upon the workmen. I say "workmen" advisedly, because devil a penny will the capitalists contribute as soon as the thing gets into working order—if ever it does.

But it is of Home Rule I want to speak. And I want you to be candid about it. I am not on its merits—they do not count in the new situation. What I want you to realise is that if every time there is what is called an appeal to the country the verdict is against you, you cannot ask the King, as a constitutional monarch, to give his assent to the measure two years hence—assuming you stay in office so long—after the House of Lords has thrown it out three times. His Majesty will be bound to exercise his unique power as peace-maker and arbiter. He will call you and your colleagues together on the one hand, and the leaders of the Opposition on the other, and he will demand of each of you that you will be loyal to whatever may be the result of a final appeal to such of the people as possess votes and care to use them. It would be a monstrous straining of the letter of the law, carried, as it was, in such special circumstances, to force any measure down the country's throat, after holding it up for three years without affording an opportunity for reconsideration.

This plan will also deprive the Ulster revolutionists of all justification for violence. In a sentence, it will solve the constitutional deadlock. But only the King can do it.

John Bull.

To the Chief of Police, Staffordshire.

Sir,—Apparently the police under your control are again on public trial. Ten years ago the whole country was shocked by a series of brutal cattle-maiming outrages, and after almost incredible bungling they fastened on Mr. Edalji, a Birmingham solicitor, as the author of the crimes. In the face of the verdict of the jury it would be improper to say that the Staffordshire police procured his conviction, but having allowed themselves to be persuaded that the anonymous letters in the case were in the handwriting of Edalji, they spared no pains to make all the rest of their case "fit in." As a result, the jury, apparently as little intelligent as the police who presented the case to them, found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude. From the moment of the verdict it was widely believed not only that the prisoner had not been given the benefit of the doubt, but that the positive evidence was utterly inadequate to sustain the conviction. First one Home Secretary reduced the sentence to three years, and then, on a reconsideration of the facts by a Parliamentary Committee appointed by another Home Secretary, the prison doors were opened and Edalji was declared innocent.

Mr. Edalji is no longer in the district, Mr. Chief, and yet these cattle-maiming outrages have commenced afresh—and the new outrages are characterised by all the main features of the old ones, and anonymous letters give warning of the crimes about to be committed. Your police seem as baffled and helpless as before. The perpetrator still continues his fiendish work with impunity, and there is not a farmer in the county who can be otherwise than perturbed.

The area covered by the outrages is considerable, and you have therefore a problem before you not only deep, but wide. I admit the difficulties of your position, Mr. Chief, difficulties made not less by the mental material available in the Staffordshire police for work of this kind.

Of course, the brute cannot be a member of the force? Ever thought of that?

John Bull.

To Professor Schafer, President of the British Association, Dundee.

My Dear Schafer,—Years ago somebody sitting in the seat of the scornful dubbed your learned society the British Ass. Not at any period of its career have I totally agreed with that lamentable decision. Though its members, as a rule, are more positive about everything than a cautious man can possibly be about anything, and though their meetings are commonplace more often than they are brilliant, every few years they certainly do their level best to work up a theatrical sensation with the old play and the old properties, even if they afterwards collapse.

I notice that in your presidential address you elaborated the old, old theme of the origin of life and the possibility of creating it in the laboratory from a chemist's prescription; and to my great regret, my dear Schäfer, I also notice that you tell us nothing new. Your lecture is a mere repicking of all the old bones. Huxley once startled the Association and the rest of the scientific universe by announcing that he found the origin of life at the bottom of the deep sea ooze. Men of science, and men who pretended to be abreast of science, swallowed Huxley's *Bathybius Haeckeli* as they swallow oysters or good Scotch whiskey—all except a few. Presently Huxley had to confess he had made a blunder, and then the learned throng began to cast up bathybius as the great fish cast up the indigestible Jonah. Then came Professor Bastian with his famous prescription for making life as bakers make cakes. Since then a crowd of other able persons, of whom you appear to be one, have been hard at work trying to make life out of a mixture of carbon and hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, the striking ends of lucifer matches, table salt, and *aqua pura, quant. suff.* Your lecture tells us what they have been doing, my dear Schäfer, which we all know, and not what you have been doing, which we don't.

Pray do not think that I wish to throw cold water on the efforts of you and the Council of the Association to dispense with the Creator. But I do think they should warm things up a bit by doing things properly. When a man buys a gold mine and wishes to sell it again to the British public, he wires the director of the works to come over and exhibit some of the largest lumps of the gold; and at the meeting of your Association next year my suggestion is that the Council should produce somebody who can make life or even change life—I won't say human life—but who has made, say, a piece of chalk from a nebular hypothesis, a carrot from a Darwinian theory, or an elephant from an ultimate chemical analysis.

John Bull.

To His Worship the Mayor of Appleby.

Please Your Worship,—With all respect to your august position, you will perhaps permit me to say that I by no means appreciate your defence to the claim of your coachman, Thompson, for wages. To say the least, it was a mean defence. The man was obviously a hard-working and conscientious servant; for the wages you paid him and the work he was expected to do for the money, I should say he was by way of being a marvel. He was your gardener and motor-car man; he did the grooming in the stable; he went the messages; he cleaned boots and hunting clothes and "worked a little at the hay," and although you paid the poor beggar only £1 a week, you claimed £5 from him because he forgot to close the ventilator of the greenhouse after being out with the motor-car during the day, with the result that the frost got in and spoiled your geraniums. It is as clear as daylight that the man had too much to do, and you ought to have looked over the matter instead of making a fuss and refusing to pay his wages. The whole business is paltry and undignified in the extreme. You lost your case, as you deserved to lose it, but if the result convinces you that you cannot expect to get half-a-dozen experts combined in one for £1 a week, you will not have defended the action in vain.

John Bull.

To Miss Pankhurst, Paris.

Heard much of your courage and do not understand this voluntary exile. Sounds like hiding behind mother's petticoats. She threatens violence and invites prison, while you lead lotus-life in the Gay City. True, she only did a ninth part of her sentence, but she is prepared to take her risks like a man.

Bull.

"Candid Confessions of a Second Wife"—See "MRS. BULL."

LEARNING THE LESSON.

A PROMISING PUPIL.

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

By "Verax."

Settlement Influences Passing Away—A Bright Outlook.

The London Settlement has been surmounted with one minor casualty, and the Paris and Berlin Bourses are now face to face with their dreaded quarterly settlements. Anticipations, however, are usually worse than the reality. The monetary situation should not cause any uneasiness, London being in a very strong position, and New York seems to have got over the worst of its money squeeze. This brings me to the prospects of *American Rails*, which are in every way favourable, owing to the bountiful crops and active business, and I look for a resumption of the upward movement in this market in the near future. *Coppers* should go better in sympathy, especially if the anticipations of increased dividends are borne out. *Home Rails* also present an outstanding feature—particularly Metropolitans—and there is little doubt but that some new amalgamation is being hatched, in which this line will form the centre-piece. The furore for *Shipping Stocks* has broken out again, and the most attractive purchase amongst them are *Cunards*, but preferably on a reaction. I think, however, that the chief business will continue to centre in the speculative markets, and that *Kaffirs*, *Rhodesians*, and especially *Oils* will be most prominent in the near future.

The Oil Share Market Bracing Up for a Boom.

There is no doubt that the consumption of oil is increasing rapidly, and that the production, although stimulated in all parts of the world, will have considerable difficulty in keeping pace with it. The latest news is to the effect that the success of oil engines and submarines in the United States Navy is leading to their adoption in larger ships, while, in the case of the Southern Pacific Company, the whole fleet is to be converted from coal to oil engines. These, however, are only some of the very favourable points recently disclosed. The usual leaders, *Shell Transports*, have advanced, and both *Egyptian Trusts* and *Red Sea Oils* are improving, *Mexican Eagles* also hardening, while *Ural Caspians* have attained a more settled condition. I have had several enquiries in reference to *Anglo Tercks* and *London Oils*, but I have not at present sufficient information to enable me to recommend a purchase. The *Maikop Victory* directors' report is very favourable, as it shows that the Company has been earning profits from the commencement, and with the interim dividends paid, and the final dividends, the Ordinary shares have received 20 per cent., while the Deferred are getting 6d., on shares which are now standing at 8s. 9d. *Maikop Pipe Line* shares are firmer, and a good dividend is also anticipated on these shares. Much must depend upon developments with regard to the new deep wells now being sunk on the Maikop Oilfield. Some of the companies recently started in Eastern Europe, by the way, are doing well, and it will probably be in these shares and in the old favourites, as well as in some of the high-class *Russian* companies, that the boom will first develop.

A Great Hungarian Oil Company.

It is not surprising that the shares in the *Hungarian National Petroleum Company* (late Anglo-Hungarian) should have come into strong demand at rising prices (at the time of writing at about 1¼ per £1 share), since the British and Foreign General Securities and Investment Trust, Limited, has taken over the management, for not only has the Royal Hungarian Government granted the right of taking up a further area up to thirty square miles to be selected out of an area of 215 square miles adjoining the old properties, but the Government also finds more capital jointly with the Company for the further development of the oilfield. The original territory owned amounted to about thirty square miles, upon which leading experts have located anticlines and favourable oil shows running through about 10½ miles of the property. Three oil horizons have been proved, the second and third of which each gave initial outturns of 60 to 120 barrels per day, and there has also been a vigorous gusher. According to latest cables, four wells are in an advanced state. Here, then, there is an oil property extending over as many square miles as many other companies have acres, while there is a strong demand in Hungary for crude oil at high prices, oil having hitherto been almost entirely imported from Galicia and Roumania. The Company, moreover, is protected by a large import duty, and the Hungarian Government will at once adopt oil for the railways as soon as a sufficient local supply is available. The Company, which is supported by powerful interests, therefore, has remarkable potentialities.

A Nigerian Tin Revival—Anglo-Continental Company's Discourteous Attitude to its Shareholders.

There has been a rattling of the dry bones in the *Nigerian Tin* market, under the influence of the more encouraging August returns and of the *Rayfield* circular, announcing further rich discoveries. The directors of the latter Company are rather venturesome in their dividend forecast, but possibly they have some justification for their views. The other side of the picture is presented by the *Teria Company*, whose directors have at any rate the merit of frankness. The monthly tin returns are stated to be disappointing, and one of the directors is going out to the field to put things right, and that is where the matter must rest for the present. The *Anglo-Continental* Board continue their discourteous attitude towards their shareholders by preserving silence in the face of a fresh crop of rumours, accompanied by another buying movement in the shares. Evidently the latter will have their rise first, and, *possibly*, official news will then be forthcoming. There are rumours of favourable developments and of far-reaching administrative changes. I hear of good news from the *Keffi Mine*, which is likely to be in the van of the low-priced shares and is expected to rise to 10s. in the immediate future, while *Toro* are likely to reach 5s.

Roumanian Consolidated—A British-Owned Concern.

The oil resources of Roumania are so largely controlled by Continental groups that it might come as news to some people here that a powerful British-owned Company is also operating in that prolific oil-bearing country—viz., the *Roumanian Consolidated*. This Company holds about 7,000 acres in the richest fields, and has its own refinery and pipe-line. At the present time the rate of production is 6,000 tons of oil per month, which is considerable, but not to be compared with the expected production when the new drilling programme is completed. In fact, an annual production of 300,000 tons is aimed at, at a profit exceeding 25s. per ton. The probable profits will thus be very considerable, while, considering the extent of the area, the capital is comparatively moderate—viz., £1,750,000. Over £200,000 has already been spent on development and equipment, and the Company has cash resources of £325,000, so that its financial position is exceedingly strong, while its management and administration are of the best. It is not surprising, under the circumstances, that the estimated value of the properties is put at fully £5,000,000, on which basis there is a considerable margin for an improvement in the shares upon the present price of 1⅛.

The Boom in Diamonds—A Rich Man's Gamble.

The boom in diamond shares has now materialised, as I have foreshadowed all along, and we have, for instance, *Premier Deferred* shares at a record high level, with *De Beers* and *Jagersfontein* also showing substantial advances. Although the Companies have continued to raise their prices, their production of the precious stones is being eagerly snapped up, and new markets are still being opened up. It is remarkable, however, that the upward movement in shares has been confined principally to the three leading companies above mentioned, so that it might be called a rich man's gamble. All the indications go to show that these Companies will eventually amalgamate, or come to some sort of working agreement, and those behind the scheme are powerful enough not to be particular, to a pound or two, as to what price they pay for the shares.

Kaffirs and Rhodesians in the Wake of Diamonds.

The rise in Diamonds must, obviously, react favourably upon *Kaffirs* and *Rhodesians*, and it has indeed been noticed that French operators are putting some of their profits from *Diamonds* into gold shares. This is undoubtedly a wise move, as, while there can be no spectacular rise in the price of gold, it cannot, on the other hand, fall below a certain level. Shrewd operators are still of opinion that the *Eastern* section of the *Rand* is the market of the future, and in this I think they are right. Another sign of returning public confidence is the success of the *Crown Mines* debenture issue. Nor should the claims of *Rhodesians* be overlooked, as the mineral resources of *Rhodesia* have so far only been scratched, and the more energetic development policy now being pursued by the leading companies should not only help the gold mines, but also considerably improve the position of the land and finance companies. *Chartered Shares* are still expected to be the bell-wether of the market.

"Where Best Clothes Count"—See "MRS. BULL."

NOTES.

PREMIUM BONDS.

With reference to the recent case, in which the winner of a large premium upon a foreign bond had omitted to claim his prize, Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., of 10, Place de la Bourse, Paris, the big Continental dealers in these bonds, point out that under their system of checking the drawings such an oversight could not occur. Quite recently they had the pleasure of advising a solicitor in Taunton that he was the winner of £18,500, a retired sea captain in Cornwall of £1,850, and a gentleman at Bushey Heath of £550.

SHIPPING BROKERAGES.

Business methods of the present day are very different from those prevailing years ago. Then a man's word—especially in shipping brokerage—was as good as his bond, but now no one considers a bargain or arrangement safe unless it is in writing, signed and sealed. A very grave instance, showing the rotten state of affairs, has recently occurred. In 1894 a well-known and highly respected broker on the Baltic, having the agency of a large meat freezing works in the Argentine, was approached by a ship-owning firm (which had lost the contract for the carriage of meat for another Argentine concern) to obtain for them his Company's business. The broker made the introduction, and after negotiations the ship's managers arranged to carry the contract for three years, paying the broker 1¼ per cent. commission, receiving for their Argentine house (which, however, had nothing to do with the arrangement) 4 per cent. The contract was renewed from time to time, in 3-year stages, until 1911, the broker always receiving 1 per cent. (to which his proportion had been reduced to meet a slump in freights). In this year it was again renewed, but a new style of doing things was introduced by the younger generation who had succeeded to the business. The contract for 3,800 tons of frozen meat, Buenos Ayres to English ports, and 10,000 tons of chilled beef, was made as usual, providing the recognised commission of 1 per cent. to the broker, but unfortunately not in writing. On the first payment of commission becoming due, the owners (whilst still sticking to their own 4 per cent.) simply deducted half the amount payable to the broker, and up to the present have refused to part with any more. This has caused great disgust in shipping circles, especially considering the fact that similar treatment has been meted out to another firm. The whole matter is likely before long to be fully ventilated in the Law Courts.

PROFITABLE PICTURE PALACES.

There can be no doubt that so popular have well-equipped and conducted picture palaces become with the public that the shares of moderately capitalised concerns offer considerable attraction to the investor. One of the most successful of the smaller companies would appear to be the New Century Pictures, Ltd., which owns halls in Bradford, Leeds, Harrogate, Bolton and Liverpool (in addition to holdings in other successful cinematograph shows), and whose net profits have grown from a little over £1,000 for the year 1909 to upwards of £4,500 in respect of the twelve months ending April, 1911—since which date we understand they have still further increased. Quarterly interim dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum have been paid, and the shares would appear to be a very promising investment.

MKUMBI AND MANIHOT FUSION.

Considerable opposition is being offered to the proposed fusion of the Mkumbi and the Manihot Rubber Plantations. In a letter sent to the Press by the Secretary, it is stated that "a conference between the directors of this company and the directors of the Mkumbi Rubber Plantations, Ltd., has been held, ... when the unanimous conclusion was arrived at that amalgamation of the two companies was advisable in the interests of both." That meeting must have been an interesting one, and the gentlemen who attended must have been somewhat perplexed as to whom they were representing in the discussion. The directors of the Mkumbi are:—J. Greenlees (chairman), H. Diamant, C. D. Marson. The directors of the Manihot are:—R. Mortimer (chairman), H. Diamant, C. D. Marson. The secretary and offices of both concerns are the same. Messrs. Greenlees, Diamant and Marson persuading Messrs. Mortimer, Diamant and Marson that amalgamation was desirable, and Mr. Frith the secretary of both companies, chipping in, sometimes as the secretary of one, and sometimes as the secretary of the other company, must have been a sight for the gods!

BANK OF EGYPT SCANDAL.

We learn that drastic steps are to be taken to test the liability of the directors and auditors of this bank. The movement is one which should have the support of shareholders, and we shall be pleased to place them in communication with those moving in the matter.

THE WILD CATS' YEAR BOOK.

The twenty-first annual report by the Board of Trade under Section 283 of the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908, has just been published, and furnishes, as usual, interesting reading. The statistics are noteworthy. During 1911, 5,959 new companies were registered, 2,058 went into liquidation, and 2,295 were struck off the Register. The total number of concerns surviving on December 31st, 1911, were some 50,000, out of a total of 131,305 (having a nominal capital of £7,535,156,108) registered since 1862, when the joint-stock system was first really introduced in the United Kingdom. What tales of tragedy, knavery and stupidity lie behind the 81,305 companies which have succumbed! Why do not our novelists unearth some of them? We could put them on the scent of several which would furnish some excellent plots. At the same time, however, it is probable that quite as many private firms have failed during the same period.

ANOTHER SHIPPING AMALGAMATION.

Another large shipping deal is on the tapis. For a long time past the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have endeavoured to obtain complete control of the River Plate trade, especially the carriage of frozen and chilled meat. They have already absorbed Lamport and Holt, and have arranged to run a service between the River Plate and Liverpool, in conjunction with the Furness Withy and Houlder Line interests, for the carriage of chilled beef for the Swift Beef Company. We believe they have been in negotiation for some time past with the object of acquiring the Nelson Line, which was floated about three years ago and runs a weekly service of steamers between London and Buenos Ayres, carrying chilled beef—principally for the Swift Beef company. They also run a slow service to Liverpool, carrying meat for H. and W. Nelson, Limited, but it is more particularly the London service which has recently come in competition with the Royal Mail, as the steamers have loaded outward, and, doing the passage in 22 days, they have been able to secure a very large proportion of the fine goods traffic. The managers of the Nelson Line are asking a high price for the purchase, which apparently is standing in the way of negotiations, and, with a view to reducing the price, the Royal Mail have now announced that they will run a direct service from London, the first vessel being the R.M.S. *Danube*. Investors will do well to watch Nelson Line shares, notwithstanding the fact that the usual denial of our statement will probably appear.

HAS THE MILLENNIUM ARRIVED?

Have we reached the Millennium in the City? We ask the question because a circular has just been issued to shareholders in the Maikop and Eastern Oil Co. Ltd., commencing thus:—"I am instructed by my Board to inform you that in its opinion the present assets of this company can be managed without the intervention of a board of directors." Verily, JOHN BULL has opened its City offices to some purpose already!

EUROPEAN OIL PRODUCTION.

A reference to the returns of the European Oil Companies registered in England shows Spies head the list with an output of 5,492 tons for the week. Next in order comes the Cheleken Oilfields with an output of 8,308 tons for the fortnight ending August 31st. Whilst, however, the capital of the Spies Company is three-quarters of a million, and the price of the shares round about 26s., that of the Cheleken Oilfields is under £300,000, and the shares are approximately 32s. 6d. If, therefore, Spies are worth their current price, Chelekens, to which we have frequently drawn attention in these columns, look cheap.

NEW ISSUE.

SAKHALIN OILFIELDS.

This is an issue of 150,000 £1 ordinary shares at par, of which £50,000 are underwritten. The capital of the company is £335,000, the vendors taking £125,000 in shares and £15,000 in cash, with a proviso, however, that none of these shares are to be dealt with or transferred until the whole of the present issue have been subscribed in cash. The property proposed to be acquired is well reported upon by Sir Boverton Redwood and others, and we are disposed to regard the shares as a promising speculation.

"MRS. BULL"—A Record Number this week. Buy it to-day.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL AND INSURANCE LETTER-BOX.

Letters containing enquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, JOHN BULL, *52, New Broad Street, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.*

A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER CO.—J. C. H. (Shrewsbury).—We are afraid as you have applied for the shares you will have to pay the calls. Sorry our warning came too late. You should always make enquiries first.

LAW CAR AND GENERAL.—R. R. (Liverpool).—You should write to the Senior Official Receiver in Companies liquidation, Carey Street, W.C., who will give you the information you require.

MISCELLANEOUS.—RANKEET.—The five shares in question are suitable for speculative investment, but put only £100 each into Lobitos (1), and Gramophones (2), and with the balance of £200 buy yourself some Kaffirs and Rhodesians, which sections offer considerable possibilities. We would suggest African Farms and Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia.

SAFE SECURITIES.—ARCTURUS.—Your list of gilt-edged investments is a good one, but you can do still better in high-class Colonial Government Bonds, such as Western Australian 3½ per cent. Bonds at 100. Other attractive securities are:—London General Omnibus 4½ per cent debentures at ½ discount upon issue price of 98; Great Central Railway 5 per cent. Preference at 116; and Central Argentine Railway 3½ per cent. debentures at 87.

OIL SHARES.—M. D. (Elderslie).—Petroleum Options are a good purchase, and certain to participate in the coming oil boom. Mid European should be held until the market improves. There is no reason to sell Nile Valley for the moment; they will go up again.

STANDARD OIL CO. OF CANADA.—B. B. (Edgware Road).—Hold. A good time is coming for Oils, when the shares will also improve.

BRITISH ECUADOR SYNDICATE LTD.—CARNETHY.—This Syndicate was formed to acquire a concession from the Government of Ecuador to explore, drill for, refine and transport petroleum, but it has not been very successful. As a shareholder the Secretary should certainly reply to you.

CITY STOCK AND SHARE EXCHANGE.—B. (Swansea).—This is a bucket shop and we fear you have very little chance of recovering your money. We find that they have left 81, Cannon Street, and their present address is unknown.

METROPOLITAN AND COUNTIES INVESTORS.—R. C. (Croydon).—See reply in last week's issue to A. P. (Kilmarnock). By an obvious printer's error the firm was referred to as the "Metropolitan and Counties Securities."

"JOHN BULL" PRESS.—A. H. F. (Tottenham) and J. M. (Glasgow).—See reply in last week's issue to "Bendigo."

GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY.—A. S. (Finsbury Park).—The income tax is only payable on the Interest and not on the Capital. The other deductions are for Sinking Fund, Management and Pension. The amount sent you is quite correct.

TEN INVESTMENTS.—A. B. S.—None of your holdings come within the "gilt-edged" category, but the stocks Nos. 3 to 10 are all good investments of their kind, and there is no reason to sell any of them. The Industrials Nos. 1 and 2, viz., Sanitas and Weardale Preferred, are obviously more speculative, but also not unpromising, and as long as you keep your eyes on them you need not be in a hurry to sell.

GALICIAN OIL LANDS AND ROYALTIES TRUST.—EGYPT.—We think so. S. R. (Bootle).—We are not responsible for the opinions expressed by our contemporaries.

PANAMA BOND.—BOND-PUZZLER.—We think, in the circumstances, you had better communicate with Messrs. Cunliffe, Russell and Co., who will doubtless give you the information you require.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—J. F. (Chiswick).—You complain that having bought a house you are now served with a notice that the drains are defective, and must be put in order. But the Company informed you, after their Surveyor had examined the property, and long before you purchased, that the drains might require to be modernised, as there were no inspection chambers, and that to supply these would require an outlay of probably £30. Notwithstanding this warning, you entered into a contract to complete. You cannot therefore blame the Company, neither is it responsible for the expense now imposed upon you. We fear also that you have no legal remedy against the vendor, as no proviso was made in the contract to purchase, that he was required to put the drainage in good order. You have no option, as it seems to us, but to comply with the request of the authorities, and make the best of what is clearly an unsatisfactory position so far as you are concerned.

NORWICH UNION LIFE ASSURANCE.—H. N. (Stepney).—The contract you have entered into is termed a "Deferred Annuity with return," the premium being £1 5s. 6d. payable quarterly for 31 years until the 29th January, 1942, when, provided you shall have attained the age of 50 years and produced satisfactory evidence thereof, "the funds and property of the Society so far as the same are liable under the provisions of the Life Assurance Companies Acts, 1870 to 1909, and the Norwich Union Life Insurance Acts, 1905 and 1906 and the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Society," (you will notice that the Society is afforded ample legal protection) shall be liable to pay you an annuity or yearly sum of £18 9s. payable by equal half-yearly instalments; but should you die before the 2nd December, 1941, then the Society is liable to repay to your Executors, Administrators or Assigns all the premiums which have been paid, less 3 per cent. of the capital sum at age 50, with 3 per cent. per annum simple interest. You will observe, therefore, that in the event of your death before the annuity becomes payable, the Society, as we understand it, first deducts 3 per cent. of the capital sum, which we observe is given as £263, namely £7 17s. 9d., and then credits the policy with 3 per cent. simple interest on the balance of the premiums you have paid. We must confess that we are not favourably impressed with a policy of this sort, and we see little advantage in it. It would be better for you to take out an Endowment with profit policy, maturing at age 50 and in the circumstances, as you did not apparently understand the points of the contract you were entering into, the Society might be willing to cancel the present policy, and credit the premiums already paid to a new policy such as we have suggested.

PEARL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—S. E. (Birmingham).—You say that seven years ago a daughter insured her mother. A short time afterwards the daughter gave the policy to a Mrs. E., who could not read. The premiums were paid by the latter until her death in August last. The daughter of Mrs. E. then assumed payment of the premiums on behalf of Mr. E., who, we suppose, was her father. Three months ago, the Superintendent refused to accept further premiums on the ground that it was illegal for either Mr. or Miss E. to pay premiums on the life of a person to whom they were in no way related, and to whom the policy had not been properly assigned. Miss E. then endeavoured to recover the premiums already paid, but the Company refused to admit her claim. They, however, offered to assign the policy to Miss E., or in the alternative to refund the premiums paid from August last. Mr. E. through a solicitor should demand a return of all premiums paid from the date Mrs. E. first took over the policy, on the ground that the premiums were paid in respect of a policy where no legal right, title or interest ever existed. MRS. A. B. (Fence Houses).—You appear to have presented your case in a straightforward manner and deserve every sympathy in the unfortunate position in which you are placed. Your husband until his death paid premiums on a policy on the life of your son, who, after making two or three quarterly payments, declined to pay any more and, not wanting to lose the money paid, you and your husband decided to keep the policy in force, which was accordingly done until November 21th last, when your husband died. The policy was never assigned to him, although the Pearl agent gave him and your son to understand that it could be transferred from the son to the father. A loan of £10 was obtained on the policy by the father and some time after the Company paid you £4 14s., making with the loan fourteen guineas. You say there had been paid in premiums about £23, and the sum assured is £50. If the Company admit their liability to pay the claim in full there would be due to you £35 6s. You say that you have submitted the will and probate to the Company's solicitor on the instruction of the local agent, and on applying for a return of these documents you were told that you could not have them unless you paid 5s. From what you say it is clear that your late husband paid the premiums on your son's policy; that these premiums have been received by the Company, and further that the Company appear to have advanced £10 on the security of the policy, he having, so far as the facts you have given us show, no legal title to it, but having paid the premiums and the Company having accepted them with knowledge through their agent, we think they are liable to pay you the assured sum in full, less of course the payments already made. You say you cannot afford to pay for legal aid and you have a daughter aged 28 who is paralysed and cannot do anything to earn her living. You, therefore, ask us to help you. Write the Head Office of the Pearl Assurance Co., London Bridge, London, E.C., and ask for a prompt settlement of your claim and the return of the documents you handed to the solicitor and let us know how they deal with the matter.

ROYAL LIVER FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—X. Y. Z. (Greenhithe).—You say that your mother insured the life of your father many years ago without his knowledge and without his signature being obtained to the proposal form, and you want to know if the policy is legal. We do not think it is unless the Court would hold that a wife is entitled to ensure her husband in his own name without his consent. It is quite clear that a wife has an insurable interest in the life of her husband, provided she is dependent upon him for her support, or provided that at the time the insurance was effected your mother had a bona-fide expectation that she would incur expenses in connection with the death or funeral of your father. Premiums are recoverable in respect of policies issued on the life of another when the alleged signature of the assured is written on the proposal form without his knowledge or consent, and is therefore a forgery. In such a case the Court would hold that there had been fraudulent misrepresentation, and would declare the policy void, and order the return of the premiums paid. The Act of 1909 is a many-sided measure, and, we think, lacks clearness in many essential matters. For example, Deputy Judge Alexander, in giving judgment recently against the "Prudential" at Hull, in connection with a case for the recovery of insurance premiums paid by a wife without her husband's knowledge or consent, held that a wife was not entitled to insure her husband in his own name without his consent. You had better write the Head Office and ask if they consider the policy is legal, and let us know their answer. Another point to be remembered is if a wife is dependent upon her husband for support, has she a legal right to insure his life and pay the premiums without his knowledge or consent? In the case above mentioned, counsel who represented the husband contended that a wife could not apply her husband's money for things which were not necessaries when she knew it was not his will. Counsel argued that the wife had not contracted for herself but for her husband, and the contract was void. You will appreciate our difficulty in clearly elucidating within the small space at our disposal the many problems which reach us, and our anxiety to guide our readers aright when dealing with their troubles and perplexities.

ALBION FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—A. P. (Atherton).—We gather from your statement that your mother insured the life of her father in May, 1899, the premium being 1s. weekly and the amount of the insurance £12. The premiums already paid amount to over £34, or nearly three times the sum insured. Your mother has applied to the Society to grant her, under the circumstances, either (a) a bonus, (b) a free policy, or (c) the return of some portion of the premiums paid. These requests have all been refused and your mother has been told there is nothing to be done but to go on paying and keep in benefit. You ask if she has any remedy. To commence with, you say that your father has no knowledge of the assurance and did not sign a proposal form. These facts in themselves do not necessarily invalidate the policy, although we think it is clearly the duty of all societies to see, before accepting a proposal, that the insurer has an insurable interest in the life proposed to be insured, in accordance with the provisions of the Act. Your mother's position is described in the answer we have given to J. G. S. (Gosforth) under Pearl Life Assurance in our September 7th issue, to which please refer. Let us know how you get on.

LAW INTEGRITY INSURANCE CO.—VINDEX.—The ability or otherwise of a Company such as this, which receives premiums under a series of investment tables, to carry out its engagements, is determined by actual valuations undertaken at stated periods. The Endowment Fund, which should be invested in sound securities, must show that the funds in hand are at least equal to the accrued liability as certified by the Actuary. We have not a copy of the Actuary's statement before us at the time of writing, but will obtain this and refer to the matter again. W. M. (Beaumaris).—It is contrary to our practice to recommend a particular Society for the purposes of National Health Insurance. You say the Company are collecting the policies "to add to their regulations a surrender value clause." Send us the policy for inspection. We propose to deal with its latest available figures at an early date.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY.—A. B. (Piccadilly).—The premiums are recoverable. Unless the £15 advanced as a loan has been repaid you have an insurable interest in the lives insured. E. R. B. (Bradford).—The amount offered is the surrender value, and you cannot claim more. C. F. (Linton).—You cannot claim more than the surrender value, and must lose the £5 4s. F. K. (Whitechapel Road).—If your statements are correct you can claim. The person you mention has committed a serious offence. Consult a solicitor. A. S. H. (Banner Cross).—The policies are all in order, except for the second name. You should give notice to the head office, who may require a form of declaration as to the name and also copy of birth certificate. S. R. H. (Ham Street).—If you could prove misrepresentation you could recover the premiums paid. You have doubtless been swindled, but it is difficult to prove in a case like yours. You could sue in the County Court if you wished to do so. R. S. (Walthamstow).—You are only entitled to the surrender value, which could be ascertained by writing to the chief office.

(A number of replies are held over.)

"Candid Confessions of a Second Wife"—See "MRS. BULL."

THE APPLICATION LIST IS NOW OPEN.

NEW CENTURY PICTURES,

LIMITED

Uncorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act 1908, and having a total issued capital of £50,000, of which the shares now offered form part.)

INVESTMENTS (BRADFORD) LIMITED who are the owners of the following Shares in the above Company now offer

5,000 SHARES OF £1 EACH, FULLY PAID

at Par, payable as follows:

5/- per Share on Application; 5/- per Share on Acceptance; and the balance one month after acceptance.

There are no Debentures and all the Shares in the Company are of one class and rank equally for Dividend.

Interim Dividends at the rate of 10% per annum are being paid quarterly, and a substantial sum is being set aside each quarter for depreciation and reserve.

Purchasers of the Shares now offered will be entitled to the quarterly dividend to be declared at the end of November.

The present offer, therefore, affords an opportunity of acquiring at a small premium shares in a well-established Cinematograph Company, and of sharing in large profits being actually made.

BUSINESS OF THE COMPANY.—The Company acquired and took over as from December 1st last the well-known business of Cinematograph Exhibitors and Entertainers originally established in 1909 by Mr. Sydney H. Carter, and formerly known as THE NEW CENTURY ANIMATED PICTURES COMPANY.

THE COMPANY'S HALLS.—The Halls of which the Company own the leases are the following:—

Town.	Position.	Seating Capacity
Bradford	St. George's Hall	2,600
Leeds	Assembly Rooms	1,250
Harrogate	St. James' Hall	1,000
Bolton	Temperance Hall	1,700
Liverpool	Mount Pleasant Hall	700

All the Halls are well situated and splendidly equipped. Immediately prior to the acquisition by this Company, large sums had been expended in permanent improvements, and any further capital outlay should not be required for several years. These Halls are undoubtedly among the most commodious and up-to-date in the Country, whilst the Company has the full benefit of Mr. S. H. Carter's services and long experience, and those of the well organised and efficient staff.

ACTUAL PROFITS OF THE COMPANY.—The progress of the business since the formation of the present Company has been remarkable, as will be seen by the following figures, which have been prepared and certified by the Auditors to the Company:

PAST PROFITS.—Profits on the above Halls, after allowing for depreciation, but before charging Managing Director's Salary, Director's Fees, and Income Tax:—For the year ending 30th April, 1909, £1,098 18s. 8d.; for the year ending 30th April, 1910, £2,415 14s. 2d.; for the year ending 30th April, 1911, £4,134 15s. 4d.

PRESENT PROFITS.—For the Six Months ending June 2nd, 1912 (upon the same basis of above figures, and after allowing half the same amount for depreciation as was allowed for the whole year ending April, 1911), £3,326 5s. 2d. Since June 2nd the Company have had the full advantage of the present summer, and the profits have considerably exceeded the above figures.

OTHER INTERESTS OF THE COMPANY.—Apart from the above Halls, the Company own large holdings in the following concerns:—

THE PRINCES HALL (HULL) LIMITED.
THE HOLDERNESS HALL (HULL) LIMITED.
THE NEW CENTURY FILM SERVICE LIMITED.
and **THE LIME STREET PICTURE HOUSE LIMITED.**

This last named Company has erected what is claimed to be the finest Picture Hall in the country, in the very centre of Liverpool. This Hall is on the point of completion, and the Mount Pleasant Hall will be merged in the Lime Street Company, and it is expected that the results in dividends to the New Century Pictures, Limited, will considerably exceed the profits now being made at Mount Pleasant, whilst from the dividends upon this Company's other subsidiary interests, referred to above, it is anticipated that a minimum revenue of £3,000 a year will be received.

The net profits of the Company as shown above amount to £3,326 5s. 2d., or at the rate of over £6,600 a year, which, with the dividends from the subsidiary interests set out above, estimated at a minimum of £3,000 make a total of over £9,600 a year, being an increase of over £4,000 over any of the previous years as shown above.

Two quarterly interim dividends at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum have been paid, and Shares now offered will be entitled to the quarterly interim dividend to be declared at the end of August and the annual dividend to be declared at the end of November.

The profits shewn above are not only in excess of all previous profits, but are also considerably in excess of the estimates formed upon the commencement of this Company, and there is every reason to believe that the present state of prosperity will not be only well maintained, but exceeded.

FUTURE OF THE CINEMATOGRAPH.—With regard to the future of the Cinematograph, it may be pointed out that after 15 years of steady progress its popularity is now firmly established and is increasing every year. There is no longer any doubt that this class of entertainment has long passed the possibility of being classed as a craze, and is now an acknowleged institution.

Unlike other public entertainments, it appeals to every class of society and its scope is infinitely widened by the opportunities which it affords of an educational and scientific nature. The field for extension and development is practically unlimited, and with their experienced staff and well-equipped premises, the Company will always be able to maintain its present strong position and to take fullest advantage of any extensions and developments.

APPLICATIONS FOR SHARES.—Applications for shares should be made upon the form below and forwarded with a cheque for the amount payable on application to the Secretary, Investments (Bradford) Limited, Exchange Buildings, Bradford. If the application is not accepted, the deposit will be returned in full. Where a less number of shares are available than is applied for, the surplus paid on application will be credited in reduction of the amount to be paid on acceptance.

Should default be made in payment of the amount of any instalment when due, the amount previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Copies of this Offer and Forms of Application may be obtained from the Offices of Investments (Bradford) Limited, Exchange Buildings, Bradford; and from the Halls of the Company at Bradford, Leeds, Harrogate, Bolton and Liverpool.

Any further particulars relative to the Company may be obtained from Messrs. Foster, Foster and Hindley, Bradford, Solicitors to the Company, or from Messrs. Hooper and Hooper, Bradford, Auditors to the Company.

September 14th, 1912.

This Form may be cut out and forwarded to the Secretary, Investments (Bradford), Limited, with cheque.

No. .....

NEW CENTURY PICTURES, LIMITED.

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES.

To the Directors of INVESTMENTS (BRADFORD), LIMITED,
EXCHANGE BUILDINGS, BRADFORD.

Gentlemen,

I enclose herewith the sum of £..... as a deposit of 5s. per share payable on application for ..... shares of £1 each fully paid of New Century Pictures, Limited, at par, and beg to apply for that number of Shares upon the terms of the Offer dated 14th September, 1912, and subject to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, and I hereby agree to accept the same or any smaller number that may be transferred to me, and to pay the balance as follows: 5s. per Share on notice of acceptance, and the balance one month after acceptance, and to execute a transfer of such shares to me as and when required.

Usual Signature .....

Name (in full) .....
(Please write very plainly).

Address (in full).....

.....

Profession or Occupation .....

Date .....

.....

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

[Being Conversations in a West-End Barber's Shop, Overheard by our Reporter.]

PROFESSOR SCHÄFER.

Good arfterncon, sir. . . . Don't go, sir! You're nex', sir. . . . Ready in 'arf a jiffy. . . .

Sorry to keep you waitin', sir. . . . Shavin', sir? . . . Yessir. . . . Some gents *is* himpatient, an' that's a fac'. . . . Won't wait 'arf a tick. . . . Seem to think you've gotter leave orf an' attend to them wotever you're a-doin'. . . . People like them oughter shave theirselves an' cut their own 'air—we shouldn't lose much if some of 'em cut their own throats into the bargain w'ile they wos at it. . . . You know, sir; make a good job of it, like. . . . Yessir, you're right, sir. . . . P'raps I ought not to speak like thet, sir; but some of these 'ere *h*impatient torfs make me thet wild, sir, that I 'ardly know 'ow to 'old meself. . . . I s'pose they git infected with the Yankee 'ussle . . . an' a lot o' good it is, too, w'en you come right down to it. . . . Nothink good's ever bin done in a 'urry, in my opinion, sir, nor never will. . . . Look 'ow science 'as to creep erlong . . . but it gits there in the *h*end, don't it, sir? . . . I wos a-thinkin' erbout that there Perfesser Shaver or somethink—sounds like a German name to me—'im wot read a paper before the British Association the week afore larst erbout the origin of life. . . . Minjer, I don't say as I 'old with orl wot 'e sed, but orl the same, there ain't no doubt we know more erbout life an' things then wot *h*our forefathers did. . . . An' 'ow 'as it bin done? . . . By 'ussle? . . . Not it! . . . Simply patience. . . . Thet's wot's done it. . . .

Do you shave up, sir? . . . Thank you, sir . . . very good, sir. . . . No, sir, I *don't* 'old with orl wot 'e sed. . . . I think 'e went a bit too fur. . . . W'en 'e torks erbout man everlootin' out of a bit o' slime, I think it's goin' a bit too fur. . . . Monkeys I don't mind sermuch. . . . It don't trouble me if I *'ave* descended from the *h*apes. . . . They're very intelligent, some of 'em. . . . I've seen 'em at the 'Alls now an' then doin' things like a Christian. . . . No, sir, if my great-great-great-great-grandfather erbout a 'undred times removed back *wos* a geriller or a chimpanzee it don't *h*upset me. . . . But w'en it comes to 'avin' 'ad a bit o' slime fur a ancester—well, I jibs at it. It don't seem nacheral. . . . 'Sides, the Perfesser went a bit too fur in *h*other ways, to my thinkin'. . . . W'y, 'e tried to make out thet becos certain crystals grow, in a way, they're alive the same as wot you an' I am. . . . I ain't a scientist, sir, but I kin see with 'arf a *h*eye thet thet's orl rot. Crystals may git bigger an' bigger, jest as drops o' water run into one another on the winder pane an' git bigger an' bigger till they run down. But crystals carn't grow w'iskers, sir, . . . a crystal ain't got a stomick, or a nart wot beats. . . . No, sir; it ain't a fair comparison, not to my mind. . . . But it's the slime wot sticks in my gizzerd, an' w'en 'e ses the chemists 'll soon be able to make bits o' slime wot are alive, an' might grow into some sorter *h*animal—well, I don't like the *h*idea of it. . . . 'Ow do we know wot sorter *h*animal it might grow into? . . . It's temptin' Providence, thet's wot it is, an' there oughter be a law. . . .

Powder, sir? . . . Yessir. . . . Good day, sir, thank you. . . .

THE SUPEROGATORY KISS.

Ere Winsome Winston went to Cork
He had no need to learn to talk,
The gift of gab was all his own,
And yet—he kissed the Blarney Stone!

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How other politicians yearn
To ape his supererogation,
And petrify a waiting nation.

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Will make the startled Speaker blush;
And Asquith learn the tale to tell
To Emmeline and Christabel.

E. M. W.

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ANTICIPATED EPITAPHS.

By W. M.

[In this column we give from week to week an anticipated —always good-humoured—Epitaph of some celebrity of the day. We need scarcely say we hope it will be many years before their relatives will have to consider seriously our suggestion.]

In
A vaulte
Somewhere here aboutes
Lyes enterred
Ye once gracefull bodie
Of
Christabel Pankhurst,
Ye famous suffragette.
Born
Anno Domini [Don't give it away.—ED.]
Atte Manchefter,
Where ye rayne itt rayneth everie daie,
Shee,
From her earlieft infancie,
Was unwittynglie trayned for ye parte
She was deftyned toe plaie
Onne ye politickal stage,
Bye beynge,
As a babie,
Fedde through an India rubber tube,
And,
Her father beynge a Barrifter,
Breathynge a legal atmofphere from ye fyrft.
Whenne butte a flapper,
To witte
In ye shorte-frock-and-pigtail stage,
Shee was sente toe
A seminarie for younge ladyes,
Where shee proved herfelfe toe bee pofsefsed of more braynes
Thanne itt is goode for a gyrl toe boaft.
Soe,
Whenne her skyrtes were lengthened,
Infteade of flyrtynge wyth ye boies
And otherwyfe amufynge herfelfe,
As alle gyrles sholde,
Shee
Commenced toe studie ye Law
Toe suche goode purpofe
Thatte shee became an LL.B.
Of Manchefter Univerfitie.
Havynge thus ackwyred a smatterynge of legal knowledge,
Shee tooke uppe ye queftion of
VOTES FOR WOMEN,
And soone wonne a meafure of notorietie
Bye her militante tackticks.
Although fayre toe looke upon
(A fackt thatte myghte bee expeckted toe excite
Ye jealoufy of her sex)
Shee hadde a greate followynge
Of defperate and determyned women,
Whom shee encouraged in alle sortes of
Excefses,
Suche as afsaultynge Cabinett Minifters;
Slappynge and skratchynge policemenne;
Smafhynge shoppe windows,
And ye lyke.
Butte
Whenne a warrant was ifsued for her arreft,
And lykewyfe ye same for her mother and others;
Shee fledde,
Leavynge her maternal parente in ye clutches
Of ye Law
And toe ye miferies of pryfon;
Whyle shee soughte afylum inne France
And enjoyed ye pleafures of Paris.
Realyzynge one daie thatte
A hufbande is more ufefull thanne ye vote;
Shee gotte married,
Became ye mother of a familie;
And dyed,
Surrounded bye a score of grandchildren.

* * *

Moft rare wolde bee a suffragette
If alle were married, you can bette.

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BY OUR PET "HELLO" GIRL.

IV.—MIDLOTHIAN MORTIFICATION.

"Are you there? . . . Hello! . . . Are you there? . . . Is the Provost in? . . . What? . . . I say, is the Provost in—Provost Brown. . . . Yes, yes. . . . Ask him to come to the 'phone."

"Hold the line a moment."

"Hello, hello! . . . Is that you, Provost? . . . Ah, good morning. . . . I'm Shaw—Mr. Shaw. . . . No, no! . . . The Honourable Shaw—*you* know, one of your late opponents at the Midlothian election."

"Hope you're weel, Mr. Shaw. . . . The weather's no so bad the dee. . . . Aiblins we'll hae some summer yet. . . . And how's the family?"

"Look here, Brown, I haven't rung you up to exchange meaningless courtesies with you, but to ask you if you're satisfied with your work. . . . (*Grrruprup-rup-rup-zip!*) . . . I say, are you satisfied *now?*"

"Satisfied? . . . Ay, man, weel satisfied. . . . 'Twas a graun' ficht, an' the result's done the Labour Party a warrld o' guid. . . . Pity you butted in, that's a'."

"Pity I butted in! . . . What the deuce d'ye mean? . . . You forget I was the official Government candidate. . . . It was *you* who butted in, with the result that Gladstone's traditional stronghold has been handed over to the Tory party."

"You're wrang, man. . . . *You* butted in, an' no ither. . . . Did na' the Master o' Elibank gi' me his blessing from the furrst? And was na' he the chief Government Whup? . . . Ye're talkin' chieldish, man. . . . If it had na' been for you I'd ha' been Member fure the Midlothian consteetuency the noo. . . . (*Plop-plop-plop-plop-grrrr-zip!*) Why, man, e'en the telephone's lauchin' at ye!"

"Don't talk rot! . . . You must have known that a Labour candidate didn't stand an earthly chance."

"Ay, man, I knew it weel . . . onless ye'd kep' oot of it. . . . If you had na' stood I'd been top o' the poll."

"But when you knew that I had been adopted as the official candidate, why on earth didn't you stand down like a gentleman, instead of losing the constituency to the Tories?"

"I hae no quarrel wi' the Tories, man, but ye know my opeenion o' the Government. Did ye no read ma manifesto on polling dee? . . . In it I called on all guid Labourites to show theeir disguist wi' the Liberal betrayal. We hae no forgotten Hanley, man."

"That's all very well, Brown. But why on earth work for the Tories? Surely, even from your Labour point of view the Liberals are the lesser of the two evils. What?"

"I'm no sae sure. . . . We'll wait an' see, after the neixt General Election. I'm no sae sure. . . . But what aboot yon fule of a newspaper, the *Daily News?* I see it's trying to mak' oot that all who voted for me voted for the Government. That's a lee?"

"I know that, Brown. . . . But, you know, it would never do to admit that in a Liberal newspaper. In party politics it is always necessary to make out that your opponent got in on a minority vote—whether it's true or not."

"Ah, weel, I'm no sae keen on parrty politics mesel'. An' when it comes to tellin' lees I'm disguisted. It's irrileegious. I'm surprised at the *Daily News.*"

"Oh, d—n the *Daily News!* . . . The question is, Brown, whether you mean to stand again. I suppose a General Election can't be far off now, and I'd like to know your intentions. If you're determined to put up I shall probably withdraw. I don't see the fun of chucking money away to help the Tories."

"That's verra wise, man. . . . You keep your bawbees in your spleuchan. *I* shall stan' . . . that's deceesive."

"Well, I think you've played a very rotten game, that's all, Brown. You've acted like a blighted dog in the manger. . . . And I hope you're satisfied with the result of your dirty work."

"I've tauld ye, man, I'm weel satisfied. Dinna fash yersel; I'll no lose ma temper ower a Government hack like you, man. Guid dee tae ye."

(*Ting-aling-aling-aling!*)

YOU TOO WILL BE "ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT"

THE arch-destroyer of happiness is indigestion. If you can't digest your food, you cannot be well. Failure on the part of the stomach, liver or intestines, reacts harmfully on your whole system. Not only is your body starved, but it is also poisoned. Indigestion loads your blood with impurities, and the blood carries these to every part of your body. You become weak and ill, tortured with headache, biliousness, perhaps constipation, and life become a daily misery

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If you have any digestive disorder; if you feel out of sorts, fit for nothing, played out; if you cannot eat, work, or sleep, take Mother Seigel's Syrup to-day and you will be delighted with the result. Composed of the extracts of rare roots, barks, and leaves, Mother Seigel's Syrup possesses, in a wonderful degree, the power to cleanse, regulate and strengthen the stomach, liver and bowels. It restores tone and vitality to the digestive system surely and thoroughly, and thus banishes indigestion and the many ills which follow in its train. Take it daily, after meals.

ONCE "A VICTIM OF INDIGESTION"

WHEN YOUR DIGESTION IS PUT RIGHT

From original poster by Hassall.

NOW "ALWAYS MERRY AND BRIGHT"

Mr. W. AVERY, 27, Prospect-place, Armley, Leeds, writes —"I am 42 years of age, and last November fell ill for the first time since I was a child. I was troubled with headache and frequently vomited, bringing up a yellow fluid of intense bitterness. My appetite quite deserted me, and I became weak, though naturally a strong man. Then I became so bad that I had to stay away from my work a whole week—a thing I had *never done before.* My wife persuaded me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup; but as she had taken the Syrup for an entirely different complaint (anæmia), and that many years ago, I refused at first. When finally I took a few doses, I felt the benefit at once and *needed no persuasion to continue its use.* I took the Syrup regularly for about five weeks and was perfectly cured at least a fortnight before I left off taking the medicine. This account of my illness, and cure by Mother Seigel's Syrup, is true and unexaggerated; and you have my permission to publish it."

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The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size. Sold also in Tablet form, price 2/9.

LETTERS FROM JANE ANN.

[Being communications from a young person to her friends and relations.]

BY MOORE ANKING

NANTYPWLLARNY,
RHWDUDLANGOCH.

DEAR AUNT MARGARET,—You'll be pleesed to know that the family here don't seem as if they could spare me, not on any ackount. Barring re-leeving me of all work and raising my wages at same time, I don't bleeve there's a thing I couldn't have, if I should happen to reech it first and no one else wanted it.

You never thought I should be in Wales, did you, auntie? You can see that I am, though, if you only look at the post-mark. Haven't seen Jonah yet, but p'raps he's on his holidays; any-way, the people here don't seem to make any men-shun of him. If I'd met him I was going to give him your address. This being your second time on earth, as I've heard father say, Jonah and you would very likely know each other.

But the way I seem to be val-lued, aunt. There don't hardly a day pass but what some-body coughs up some-thing nice about me, only I try to be lady-like and pretend not to be lissning. I don't reelly know what I've done to de-serve so much kind-ness.

And the funny part of it is my luck seems to go round. His lordship—gentleman I push the pram for—heard one of the gard-ners say he wouldn't mind going to the end of the earth for me, so his lordship called him into the shrub-house, gave him a week's wages and told him he needn't trubble about the end of the earth, he could be spared long enough to go all over it. That was his reward for being kind to me. Speaks for itself, don't it?

He must have got started on his trip, for I haven't seen him since, and I've heard say he'll be a long time gone. I shall miss him rather. I bleeve he had a friendly feeling for me from the first.

I don't sup-pose I shall ever be able to thank you enough for all the tewtor-ishun and moral instruck-shun you pumped into me when I couldn't help myself. But for you, auntie, I might have grown up as silly as makes no matter. I don't for-get how you in-creased my bumps of knol-ledge when I was at the re-ceptive age. I still feel the benny-fits at times, or think I do when I sit on any-thing hard. I only wish I could return them.

Straight, I never was so much res-peckted in my life as I seem to be here. Even Lady Floss—part owner of the pram I push—stops to pass the time of day to me and the children, if she happens to be wearing her cheap watch.

Mother told me in one of her letters you were getting thinner than ever, aunt. Said she thought you were withering away, but I don't so much notice what she says 'cause you've always been on the wither, more or less, haven't you, auntie?

I well remem-ber poor father saying that some day you'd have to tie knots in your-self, else you'd slip through your ray-ment. And poor dear uncle, too, he's often said that if it wasn't for your jaw you wouldn't have no more vy-tality than a piece of chalk. Very cheerful they could be when they had you to talk about; you'd have laughed like anything if you could have heard them.

Mother and I always used to like uncle to come round on a Sunday morning and tell us about events of the week. No one can't wonder you should feel lonely when he went. Mother was that fond of him she nearly cried her eyes out.

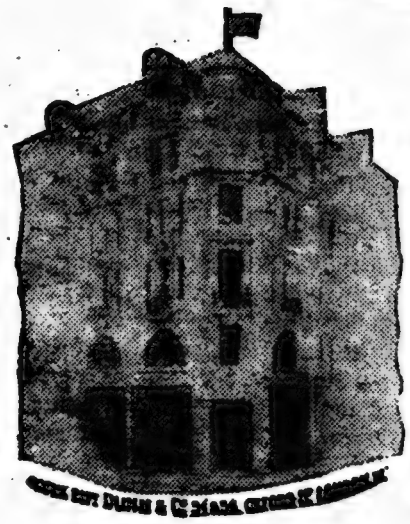
Still, it don't seem right you should hop it just yet, aunt. I'm sure it's been a per-feckt treet to have you alive so long, but if you were to dis-appear suddenly fewcher generashuns would never know what they'd missed.

Besides, you want time to make prop-per arrangements so's we could be duly grateful for what you leave behind. I think it's wicked for people to scoot without leaving their money and things in good hands, and if it would ease your mind at all, aunt, I might say I can place two willing hands at your ser-vice any time. I should only be too de-lighted to help you out of your diffy-culties.

Your respeckful niece,

JANE ANN.

Dunn & Co's



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The coming winter seems likely to prolong the popularity of the Soft Felt Hat. It is surprising to what an extent it is replacing the Cloth Cap; the soft hat is more dressy and comfortable.

Of the soft hats the most fashionable is the Austrian Plush or Velours Hat. In the manufacture of this hat the Austrians rival the world.

Fortunately we were able to buy a quantity at a time when the *prices commenced to go up*, so we are selling them just now at a price that is *lower than the usual*.

Austrian Plush Hats, latest colours, **18/6.**

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

"Drake."

The curtain had not been up many minutes at His Majesty's Theatre a few evenings ago before the public were quick enough to realise that in Louis N. Parker's stirring drama, written round the pioneer of our English Navy—Sir Francis Drake—a picture of more than usual interest had been prepared for their benefit. It was not merely the enchanting scenery, the fantastic grouping of the crowds, the lovely Reinhardt effects or the fascination of the sumptuous setting: it was the combination of the fine acting, of youthful blood and of poetically written, human dialogue, woven round a great historical romance, that tugged at your heartstrings and bade you pause to think. It hardly seemed possible that an actress so tender in years as Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry could transform her girlishness into the fiery-natured, complex person of Queen Elizabeth. But with the courage and confidence of natural gifts to support her, Miss Neilson-Terry's performance was quite a revelation. Her dignified presence, her splendid sweep of the stage when she was torn with passion, her style, based on the delightful methods of her talented father, define clearly that it is in picturesque roles of this pattern that the fair Phyllis is destined to carve her career. If you want a clear proof of the "heredity theory" as regards our younger aspirants for theatrical honours you can find none better than the two at His Majesty's—Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry and Miss Amy Brandon Thomas, whose graceful Elizabeth Sydenham is another imaginative and clever creation. I must confess to being disappointed with Mr. Lyn Harding as Francis Drake. Somehow he didn't manage to get into the skin of the man. He talked, but he did not impress. He had magnificent situations to attack, but he never reached them. He appeared to walk through the part, and simply to speak his lines. Mr. Parker has given most of the "fat" in his play to Drake, and I don't think there would have been so much of the "gorgeous pageantry" chatter nonsense in the newspapers if only Mr. Lyn Harding had shaken off his Bill Sikes mannerisms and forgotten he had ever been successful as this burly bully. As a production, then, let it be at once said that nothing grander or more superbly picturesque has ever been seen at Sir Herbert Tree's theatre. It is a masterpiece in stagecraft, and the audience was not slow at the *première* to show its loud appreciation of both author and actor-manager. Down came the volleys of applause in one sound and compact roar. There was no mistake about it. The cheering, the shouts for Louis N. Parker and the calls for Beerbohm Tree were true; they were spontaneous and well deserved. "Drake" is a pronounced success! Try to book a stall at His Majesty's: you can't—the house is sold out for many a month!

MORE RAPID REVIEWS.

By Our Curt and Candid Critic.

The Heather Moon.—Quite struck by it.

Devoted Sparkes.—Hot stuff.

Honours Easy.—More than we were when reading it.

Sally.—The author had better not come down *our* alley.

The Quest of the Golden Rose.—Just what we were looking for.

A Kingdom Divided.—Gave us a bad attack of Ulsteria.

The Oakum Pickers.—We found reading it was hard labour.

The Big Fish.—Not much of a catch, though.

It Happened in Smyrna.—We hope it won't happen again.

The Wind among the Barley.—Plenty of wind, but not much barley.

Tales of the Open Hazard.—We were glad to shut it.

Eve, Spinster.—We fancy the author isn't, anyway.

Upon another page will be found particulars of Rosenblum's new "Rapidoral" method of self-tuition in French. The generous offer contained in the announcement is certainly worthy of the notice of everyone desirous of acquiring easily a knowledge of the practically indispensable language.

HIS POISONED LEG
Was Cured to Stop
CURED.

No ordinary ointment can possibly possess the wonderful soothing, healing, and antiseptic properties that Zam-Buk does.

THE gentleman peeping at you is Mr. J. Fulton, of 71, Buttermere Road, Abbeydale, Sheffield. As a result of his scratching some scurfy spots, his legs broke out with deep running ulcers, which completely crippled him. His sufferings were terrible, and he often had to crawl on his hands and knees, unable to walk properly. After months of doctors' and specialist's treatment, Mr. Fulton was still bedridden. Then he started using Zam-Buk, with the happiest results. Zam-Buk soothed his pain, thoroughly purified the terrible ulcers, and then healed them up with healthy new skin.

Three Years Later Mr. Fulton writes:—"My legs have kept perfectly well since Zam-Buk healed them. Zam-Buk saved me pounds in doctors' bills, and enabled me to work regularly again. I have finished for ever with cheap and home-made ointments."

Zam-Buk

In sealed packets only at 1/1½, 2/9 or 4/6.

SHAVALLO
(SHAVE-ALL-O),
THE IDEAL SHAVING SOAP
with either hot or cold water.

Ivorine Sticks, 1s. each;
smaller sticks, 6d. each;
Cakes, 4½d. each.

LARGEST SALE

Sole Makers:
JOHN KNIGHT, LTD.,
Soapmakers to H.M. King George V.
LONDON, E.

Send a penny stamp for Free Sample to Dept. "J.B."

WELL-MADE FURNITURE.

The best advertising we have is the kindly recommendation of our friends. One tells another, and we witness every day the power of that influence. You never read advertisements of poor furniture; strange, too, for there is more poor than good, and ours is as good as our best energies, ability, knowledge and experience can get. In fact, it is just as good as it is possible to make it.

Large size Mahogany Bedroom Suite, constructed on Sheraton lines and inlaid with Satin Wood. £14 14s. 0d.

Any article we sell may be obtained on our well-known Gradual Payment System, the payments extending over 1, 2 or 3 years at the option of the purchaser. No deposit is required, neither do we add interest or make any extra charges whatsoever.

Revolving Bookcase in Mahogany, Walnut or Oak. £1 15s. 0d.

TERMS.

Worth. £	Per Month. £ s. d.
10	6 0
20	11 0
50	1 8 0
100	2 5 0
200	4 10 0
500	11 5 0
1,000	22 10 0
2,000	45 0 0

Or by other proportionate payments to suit purchaser's convenience.

10 % DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

SECOND-HAND DEPARTMENT. In this department we hold a stock valued at considerably over £10,000, and we extend a cordial invitation to all interested to pay us a visit. If you will let us know your requirements we are certain we can supply you. A special catalogue has been prepared which we shall be pleased to forward post free.

In order that country customers may make a personal selection, we will pay their fares to town on all orders of £20 and upwards.

Country orders packed and delivered free.

Our fully illustrated catalogue, containing over 900 illustrations, will be sent post free on application.

MIDLAND FURNISHING · CO · LTD

15 to 23 · SOUTHAMPTON · ROW · HOLBORN · LONDON · W.C

BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Might not Germany run "The Day"?
Will other Powers have to take "French leave" in the Mediterranean?
Won't there be rebellion in Ireland if the Home Rule Bill *is* passed?
Doesn't the average actor get too much "rest"?
Didn't Christabel "fly" over the Channel?
Weren't "puffs" the principal exhibit at the Confectioners' Exhibition?
Did the Cardiff ironmoulders strike on a "casting" vote?
Isn't "brief" the biggest legal misnomer?
Is tobacco cultivation a "growing" industry in England?
Oughtn't the Suffragettes to know better than to play the "deuce" against the King?

"Ask No Questions" is the name of a stage-piece. How can it answer?

"Which is the cheapest suburb?" asks an evening paper. Well, the cheapest will be the dearest to those who live in it.

"A good thief knows when he is caught," said a Limehouse man. And even a bad one finds it out in "time."

R. G. Knowles is to give educational lectures in Japan. "There's a picture for you."

From the fact that "A Scrape of the Pen" has been considerably revised we presume it was not up to scratch.

"A man with whiskers is as bad as a woman with a vote," says Frank Richardson. Except that whiskers are easily got rid of.

To call a book "Eve, Spinster" seems to cast an unmerited slur upon the whole human family.

A correspondent pleads for a greater use of the farthing. We must all insist on a farthing change.

Woman's inferiority to man is attributed to her blood containing less salt. But the ladies take the pepper prize.

"The sooner Parliament is closed for ten years the better," says the Marquis of Exeter. What he wants is a "cession."

A club for stamp collectors is being organised. They should make Lloyd George President.

A motorists' lost-property office has been established. Some of them will be able to find their heads again perhaps.

Neckties made of cork are the very latest. They ought to be sold at a "bob."

Members of a New York club for girls have to droop their eyes and run away whenever they see a man. To make the men run after them, of course?

A New York bride had a wedding cake weighing 800 lbs. It was not the bridegroom.

The Unionists won the seat at Midlothian. Evidently "Hope told a flatt'ring tale."

A Munich doctor has discovered 18,000,000 microbes in 3 ozs. of German sausage. We shall examine our next piece carefully.

The new weather-proof hats for ladies are designed, of course, to keep the water off the "duck's" back.

Chicago women are taking to smoking strong cigars. They will soon get sick of them.

Beet-sugar syrup is being used as street-paving in Colorado, but it won't reconcile pedestrians to "licking the dust."

An aeroplane was used in a recent election. Hitherto political flights have been imaginary only.

"The lad was born to be President of the Board of Trade or to be hanged," said a clergyman of an Abergavenny boy. Why not both?

Banknotes worth £26 were eaten by two goats in New York. The owner is now wondering how to get his money out of them.

At Market Drayton damsons fetched 5s. for 90 lbs.; in London they cost 4d. per lb. Oh, for a Business railway system!

"The Girl in the Taxi," having proved a success, will no doubt soon be "on the road."

The Post Office telegraphic address for the district of Lambeth is to be Lamb. Bah!

A ham factory near Brisbane has been entirely burned out. The owners could not save their bacon.

A woman named Payne, who separated from her husband after thirty-eight years, on the ground of cruelty, seems to have borne Payne well.

The Kaiser has been proposed for the Nobel peace prize. Well, if preparing for war really promotes peace he deserves it.

Parisian journalists have christened Mulai Hafid the "Big Baby." And he is "perambulating" Europe.

In twelve months twenty-three elephants were stolen in Siam. Not the easiest kind of booty to "lift."

A Great British Inventor

From the Court Circular.
Buckingham Palace, July 4.
Her Majesty this afternoon inspected the aerophone wireless telephone invented by Mr. Grindell Matthews.

Brain Force and Staying Power—

Brain-building force, the force that *makes* the big ideas come true, the energy for *continuous* effort, this was the great power with which Phosferine equipped Mr. Grindell Matthews, enabling him to work *unremittingly* and *undaunted*, until he has now accomplished the invention of the wireless telephone. This historic achievement has convinced Mr. Matthews that the success of any ambitious mental or physical endeavour is *most materially advanced* by the revitalising properties of Phosferine, which, he says, protected him very effectively from the sleeplessness, nervous exhaustion, and bodily disorders his excessive brain efforts had previously provoked. So severe was his long toil and anxiety, it is now the firm belief of Mr. Matthews that he owes most of his tireless industry, his new capacity and enjoyment for work, to the exhilarating stimulus of Phosferine, for it is this great inventor's experience that the tonic *generates* the *extra energy* everyone needs to *complete* great projects.

Magnificently Increased.

Mr. H. Grindell Matthews (the Inventor of Wireless Telephony) writes:—"It is with pleasure I desire to let you know how very helpful Phosferine is to me, when engaged on arduous mental work. During the last five or six years I have suffered from nervous breakdowns which have been caused by the exhausting strain of continuous application to my experimental work in wireless telephony. The anxiety and restlessness attendant on my scientific researches made me sleepless and fatigued, with an uncertain appetite, and a tendency to *work irregularly*, until I discovered what an excellent corrective Phosferine is of such troublesome conditions. The tonic is a first-rate antidote for dejection, and I make a practice of taking it regularly, as I find it immediately renews the strength of my nerves, and exercises a stimulating effect on the whole of the nervous system."—May 8th, 1912.

PHOSFERINE

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS.

A PROVEN REMEDY FOR

NEURALGIA	NERVOUS WEAKNESS	HYSTERIA
RHEUMATISM	NERVOUS HEADACHES	SLEEPLESSNESS
BRAIN-FAG	PREMATURE DECAY	EXHAUSTION
LA GRIPPE	INFLUENZA	MALARIA
INDIGESTION	ANÆMIA	NEURITIS	NERVOUSNESS

And all disorders consequent upon a reduced state of the nervous system.

The Royal Tonic.

Phosferine has been supplied by Royal Commands to

The Royal Family
H.I.M. The Empress of Russia
H.I.M. The Dowager Empress of Russia
H.M. the King of Greece
H.M. the King of Spain
The Imperial Family of China

And the Principal Royalty and Aristocracy throughout the World.

The 2/9 size contains nearly four times the 1/1½ size.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

The Clemak Safety Razor—at 5s.—is Made as Well and Shaves as Well as any Guinea Safety Razor.

. . . Note how carefully it is made—the perfection of every detail—its beautiful finish. Look at the blade, feel its keen cutting edge. No other blade could shave your beard more easily than that.

. . . Now put the CLEMAK side by side with any other Safety Razor offered at a Guinea. You will then see for yourself that it is in every way the equal of the other Razor—and costs you 16/- less to buy. Then why pay a guinea?

The only way to keep a razor sharp is to strop it. To buy a safety razor, and throw dull blades away, means a continuous expense for new blades.

The CLEMAK avoids all this.

The Clemak Stropping Machine, price 3/6. Including a fine horse-hide strop, compels you to strop at the correct angle and pressure. Ensures a keen blade for every shave.

. . . Why not let your COMING HOLIDAY be free from shaving troubles?

. . . The barber is busy, so buy a Clemak and save yourself annoyance and waste of time.

. . . The Clemak Razor is undoubtedly the best shaving investment you can possibly make, and by its trustworthy and reliable service will prove a friend for life. . . . Buy one to-day.

. . . The Clemak Safety Razor and the Clemak Stropper is a perfect Shaving Combination. They cost together 5s. 6d., and last a lifetime. Why pay a guinea?

COMBINATION CASE, to Hinden, Stropping Machine, and Strop, 10/6

OF ALL STORES, CUTLERS, &c., or post free from the Clemak Co., 69, Clifford St., London.

CLEMAK Safety Razor 5/-

FRENCH BY POST.

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We have such faith in the superiority of the "Rapidoral" Method over all older methods that we are willing to submit it FREE OF CHARGE to be thoroughly tested by all those interested in the study of French. We shall therefore send to every applicant mentioning "John Bull," and enclosing 6d. in halfpenny stamps to cover expenses, a full month's

FREE COURSE OF LESSONS

without any further obligation on his or her part.

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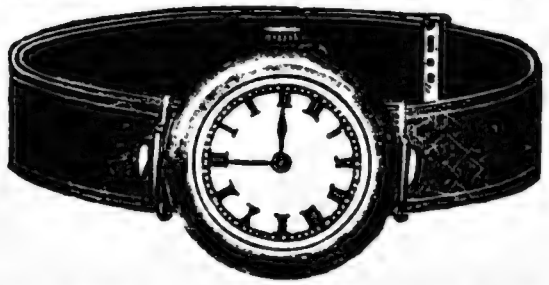
Class lessons from 2/6 per month. | Private lessons 2/6 per hour. Native teacher.

WOULD YOU LIKE ONE OF THESE CHARMING WRISTLET WATCHES FREE?



Then send six stamps only for a full-sized tablet of the delightful

ADORI Toilet Soap

ADORI (Dept. S.), HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE POPULAR SONG

Beautiful Garden of Roses.

GIVEN WITH THIS WEEK'S

ARTICLES: The Curse of Pretty Waitresses.

FICTION: 3 Splendid Complete Stories.

NOW ON SALE.

MRS. BULL

BUY IT TO-DAY.

The Earn-Her-Own-Living Girl. &c., &c.

NEXT WEEK'S SONG:
"The Island of Walla Wooloo."
SUNG BY DAISY DORMER.

WORDS & MUSIC

NEW SERIAL
By Gertie de S. Wentworth-James
BEGINS THIS WEEK.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when writing regarding previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag," and* ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. *The most suitable lengths for articles and stories are about 750 words (one column), or 1,500 words (a page).*

The EDITOR *cannot express any opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

W. D. (Birmingham).—We have no idea how you can compel a tradesman to send you a receipt, but your money order acknowledgment should be just as useful for proving payment. Why worry?

E. B. (Kensington) writes (in German) to tell us that the German *people* are opposed to the enlargement of their fleet and cannot therefore want war with us. But what has the *people* to do with government?

D. V. L. (Adelphi) thinks it unfair that directors and shareholders of companies should take a much larger proportion of profits than the workers. He wants a law to restrict shareholders' profits to 12 per cent. But capital would soon depart elsewhere, and unemployment would be multiplied indefinitely.

J. C. (Edinburgh) thinks the success of the land campaign would lead to more officials, bribery, jobbery. That depends whether land reform is in honest, capable hands. Anyhow, Hemmerde inspires confidence.

MISS K. M. (Ringmer), MISS A. D. (Brighton) AND OTHERS.—We do not advise anyone to send money to people offering to procure posts on ocean liners.

M. W. (Folkestone).—Luck and Co., of Bedford, have often been exposed. The little girl need not pay them, as legal "infants" can only be held responsible for necessaries, among which a gold watch is not included.

MRS. F. R. (Forest Row).—Most firms which advertise that they want envelopes addressed are frauds.

C. V. M. (Boscombe) asks if any of our readers have experience of play-writing for cinematograph shows, the value of instruction by correspondence, and the difficulty of selling plots.

H. R. P. (Ilford) sends us a copy of a paper with over five columns of reduplicated matter. We must try to steal the sub-editor. How useful he would be if Jim Crow fell ill!

"EAST COAST" (Jersey).—Have nothing to do with cheap binoculars advertised by Davis, the bogus pawnbroker.

"BIRMINGHAM."—Big insurance companies and new officials benefit by the Insurance Act. All the enemies of trades unions may do so too.

W. C. (Steeple Morden).—We know of no regulation depriving postmasters of their votes.

C. L. (Clapham) says a boy fell off a ladder in the recreation ground in Brockwell Park and was left unconscious for two hours before an ambulance took him home. This does not say much for the benevolence of the locality.

"ONE WHO KNOWS," referring to the drowning of boy scouts, praises the pluck of Scoutmaster Marsh, but says that, as an ex-naval man, he ought to have known he was in such shallow waters. Our correspondent thinks that, if there are to be more ships for boy scouts, a pilot should be taken on board, especially in the estuary of the Thames.

"ONLY WAIT" says that, as 60 per cent. of our bakers are Germans, they may poison the bread of our Army and Navy on the morning of the invasion. Are they as clever as all that?

R. W. JNR. (Edinburgh).—Fancy wanting us to sing about the Insurance TAX! And in the Scots language, too! Many are more disposed to cry.

F. C. (Harringay).—No amount of tall talk about heredity will convince us that consumptive paupers must be starved to death.

THE AUTHOR of an unsuccessful essay submitted to a contemporary in 1906 is struck by its similarity with the provisions of the Insurance Act. Is he still satisfied with his suggestions or does he accuse Mr. Lloyd George of plagiary?

"FAIR-PLAY" writes: "Private Asylum abuses were bad enough in old days, but what of the 'not-able-to hold-his-own-among-his-normal-fellows' clause in the Mental Deficiency Bill?" Well, it proves that its authors are mentally deficient.

W. H. B. (Mill Hill) sent us a cigar and our sub-editor looked forward to a pleasant smoke after dinner. But noticing the particulars of its ingredients—the principal of which consisted of rope—he passed it on to the office-boy. No flowers.

J. F. T. (Daubhill) asks if there is any Salvation Army home in London where a free night's lodging is obtainable. We trow not.

F. S. (Leyton).—We make no charge for publishing open letters, but cannot promise to publish any, even for our best friends. Why not insert an advertisement in the usual way?

J. B. (St. Albans) says neither he nor any of his friends have ever heard of the Mental Deficiency Bill. What an illustration of the way in which the people allow themselves to be oppressed by their alleged representatives! Of course, the Bill is as described in JOHN BULL. "When you see it . . . !"

"DISGUSTED."—The obligation for women to cover their heads in church is attributed to that famous Anti-Suffragist, St. Paul. But factory girls should be allowed to wear shawls instead of hats.

W. W. thinks there would be far fewer crimes if newspapers could be prevented from publishing details. Is that a fresh proof of Darwinism?

J. S. B. (Wimbledon).—It all depends what you mean by a "fairly good berth." If you are satisfied with it, why sacrifice it for the off-chance of probationary officials under the Insurance Act being treated as permanent parasites? But if you have interest with some big party man there is no knowing what promotion may eventually be in store for you.

"A SEASIDE ANNUAL" writes: "What matter if, on our arrival at the station *en route* for home, our pockets contain only small change. The change we have had (not the change we have got) will give us food for reflection for some long time." Yes, but what other sort of food?

H. S. P. (Ingham) argues at length on the possibilities of Hell as the creation of a beneficent God. Then he says this world is the Hell of a working-man, while "dividend-sucking parasites" have a Heaven on earth. Why not organise a militant or moral force and capture Heaven from the enemy?

G. D. H. (Aberystwyth) travelled from Montreal to Liverpool by C. P. R. the other day, and the third-class passengers were fed and herded more like cattle than men. How glad he must be to be at home again!

"ANTI-SWEATER."—We should require a very careful definition of sweating before trying to stop advertisements which offer insufficient wages.

H. S. (St. Albans) sends us a notice issued to factories, etc., by the Recruiting Officer of the Herts Special Reserve, pointing out that at present not three per thousand of the male population of the county serve in that body, and laying stress on the national urgency of the matter. Our correspondent pinned next to this on the board on which it was exhibited a copy of our "To the Day!" cartoon, and tells us that many of the men wondered "whether they were to be coerced into joining the 'Terrors' in order to fight the Germans." Not "coerced," surely; it is unfashionable, even in Ireland!

L. S. A. (Stoke Newington) sends a portmanteau letter. He says a war with Germany would be a mean one, "rising from nothing but trade jealousy." Is it, then, mean to defend commerce which safeguards millions against starvation? Is it generous to reduce our children to rags and destitution? Defending libraries, he goes on to say that "the book-lover travels at will on an enchanted carpet through realms of gold." Gold! What a sordid metaphor, according to our correspondent's own showing, particularly when the realms of gold are enjoyed at the expense of ratepayers! Again: "See that the child reads the very best while he is very young." But would he not strike if compelled to read books beyond his comprehension? Besides, there is no junior edition of JOHN BULL yet.

W. K. T.—It is by no means rare for a rector to dismiss a curate for excessive popularity—especially with the ladies. But how can we attack a man for the nebulous crime of jealousy? If the curate is such a good fellow, he will have no difficulty in finding another job.

G. H. H. (Birmingham).—We do not understand how a visit of the British Association could "broaden their conceptions of their Universe," especially in the case of such enlightened persons as the inhabitants of your city.

"ANTI-PATRO-JINGO" (Berlin) says Germany will never go to war, because 4½ million German Socialists would not stand it. But would *they* have to "stand it"?

"SURREY."—We believe the way-leave rent usually paid for telephone poles on private property is one shilling per pole per annum.

H. E. B. (Retford) thinks a "love-child" should be called a "lust-child." Still, an illegitimate child "by any other name," etc.

A. R. H. (late of Poole) has trouble when singing in the streets. He writes that the police "drive him to pray that his soul will visit them in their courts." Not a very pleasant form of Heaven, we should have thought, but there is no accounting for tastes. He seems to have tried to cut his throat in the "Lavitory" of Poole Workhouse, through thought-readers driving him from place to place. But he assures is not insane.

The Drapers' Record having advocated a Business Party, "An Old Reader" writes to inform us that "THE DAWN has arrived." We thought we were further advanced than that.

A. C. (Leeds) denies the right of employers to require references, because "if a man is incapable there is a remedy in dismissing him." But he may have done much mischief before he can be dismissed. We sympathise with the workers, but we want them to be reasonable.

E. C. (Upper Clapton) says we hear much about the mud-splashing and noise of motors, but "not a word about the danger of those limb-breaking and death-dealing wheels." So he advocates a rubber buffer or cow-catcher.

J. J. (Birmingham) sends a leaflet announcing an exhibition of flying at a Quakers' burial ground, and wants to know if the buried Quakers are to be taught to fly. But surely they have already flown to the realms of bliss.

"TRUTH."—It is news to us that, when Victoria ascended the throne, she gave twenty millions sterling to the nation, and that her successors had to do the same. No such luck.

W. D. (Harlesden).—No, we do not believe in five-pound notes being bestowed upon regular purchasers of one particular tea.

P. C. R. (Victoria) enquires about the Cinema Plot Co. (223, Clapham Road) who advertise for "refined pupils for cinema acting, also rough riding for cinema or emigration." They ask £3 3s. for tuition first. Have any of our readers tried them?

(A large number of replies are held over.)

"MRS. BULL"—A Record Number this week. Buy it now.

JOHN BULL'S POCKET ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

INDISPENSABLE INFORMATION FOR INQUIRING IGNORAMUSES.

E.

EAR.—In physiology, the external convolution of the aural cavity. It is the organ which, next to the nose, lends most charm, or otherwise, to the human countenance. Individuals are sometimes met with whose ears, instead of being a symmetrical pair, differ one from another. These sporadic variations are perhaps more common to Fleet Street than elsewhere. Ear-biters frequently discover, for example, that the ear they had taken for a five-shilling one is only a miserable half-crown one after all, and sometimes not good for even so small a sum as that.

EDITOR.—A person afflicted with a mania for wielding the blue pencil and rejecting the manuscripts of geniuses. A chronic inability to detect and appreciate the transcendent qualities of the short stories and other journalistic matter submitted to them is another striking characteristic of the tribe, who are the bane of budding authors and—[*That will do.*—ED.]

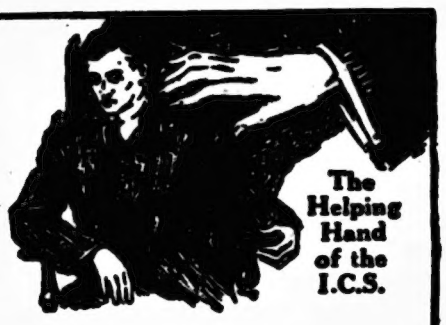
EMANCIPATION.—A form of hysteria that attacks women of a certain temperament, causing them to indulge in noisy and extravagant conduct, such as kicking the shins of Cabinet Ministers, battering plate-glass windows with coke hammers, burning down theatres, wrestling with the police, losing their back hair, doing time, and refusing to take nourishment unless supplied through a tube.

ENGLAND.—A small country wedged in between Scotland in the north, Wales in the west, Southend in the east, and Germany in the south-east. It was formerly a place of considerable importance, but since the Celtic invasion it has rapidly declined, and is now mainly used by the Americans as a convenient temporary resting-place in the course of their journeys between New York and Paris. Efforts have occasionally been made to revive the languished national spirit of the natives by warnings of an imminent invasion by the Germans, and the consequent approaching existence under the heel of the Teutonic alien, but in vain.

EUGENIST.—A troublesome type of crank who advocates state control of marriage, and who on very slender evidence maintains that so-called scientific breeding would produce a race of humans superior to the moderns. He would convert the country into a huge human stud-farm, worked on the principles of the stock-breeder. He omits to see that to carry out his theory effectually it would necessitate the segregation of half the inhabitants of the country, and fails to notice that many a muscular man is a mug, whilst the physically puny may possess brains enough to make several kinds of rings round the cumulative intelligence of the eugenist fraternity.

THE proprietors of Hall's Wine—finding that some of the public, in applying for a free 2s. bottle, have failed to comply with the conditions mentioned in the advertisement, and being desirous that no one should be disappointed—have simplified their offer. In future, a specially numbered official order will be sent in exchange for the newspaper coupon and the receipt for a large 3s. 6d. bottle of Hall's Wine purchased during the period of the offer, which order will entitle anyone whose signature and address it bears to the free 2s. bottle upon its presentation to any wine merchant, licensed grocer, or chemist.

Come!— the I.C.S. Students' Aid Department will help you to get a Better Job.



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Do not despair of getting a better position with better pay. The future is bright for men who *mean* to rise. The I.C.S. training—more successful to-day than ever—waits to qualify you for the high-wage job. And as quickly as you qualify, the remarkable I.C.S. Students' Aid Department will help you to obtain the higher-paid jobs.

For Example:—"*I feel specially indebted to the I.C.S. Studen's' Aid Department, as I am sure I should not have gained such a good situation except through you.*" R. KIKO, Leyton.

Hundreds of other examples of I.C.S. students' successes can be given to inspire you. The future is bright for trained men—it is hopeless for the untrained. On the one hand are high wages and security—on the other, low wages and dread of unemployment. Get the training that will secure the better job. Let us refer you to students in your own district. Send the coupon for FREE INFORMATION. Mark the coupon at your present or any other occupation. Send it *NOW*.

"The way to Better Pay is the I.C.S. way"—over 100,000 I.C.S. students affirm it is so.

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International Correspondence Schools, Ltd. Dept. 332 K, International Bldgs., Kingsway, London.
Please explain, without any obligation on my part, how I can qualify to enter, or obtain a larger salary in, the occupation or profession before which I have marked X (or in the one stated here .....)

—Engineering (*state which*) —Advertising
—Motor —Aviation —Business Training
—Machine Shop Practice —Window Dressing
—Analytical Chemistry —Salesmanship
—Textile Manufacturing —Modern Languages
—Architecture *Over 160 other Courses.*

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"It develops the Sense of Humour."—*Truth.*

"BRAININE,"

JUST THE THING FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

All Chemists, 1/1½ and 2/9.

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WHISKY

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In 3.6. and 12 bottle Cases.

Insist on seeing "BOTTLED BY DUNVILLE & CO. LTD." on the Capsule and Back label. NONE OTHER GUARANTEED GENUINE.

Write direct for name of nearest retailer to

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RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.
(Of LOTINGA'S WEEKLY, *also "Larry Lynx" of* THE PEOPLE *and "Maggie" of* THE GLOBE.*)*

Prophetic.

Racing everywhere, but quiet, unpretentious programmes except at Ayr, Scotland's biggest meeting of the year. To-day (Wednesday), at Yarmouth, the long-belated win may come at last to TOILER in the chief handicap, whilst if started here, the best thing of the meeting is

DESLIONI

for the Two-year-old Plate. Over the border, FLORIZEL'S PRIDE should gain one of his engagements, and whatever beats

MOSCATO

must surely take the Ayrshire Handicap. The danger is SVETEC, who is also in at Windsor, where TWEEDLEDUM ought to score at last, in the chief event, whilst ROT'S PRIDE or SIR ORACLE may take Saturday's handicap.

In the Cesarewitch, the very light weights will be "there," notably WINTHORPE, who is thrown in, the chief question being a boy's ability to get the big lazy horse to do his best.

SPORTING ANSWERS.

ARTHUR AYLES (62, Strand).—Many readers have sent us this man's circulars respecting his "wonderful affluence wires." They should give him a wide berth.

J. H. (Port Talbot) complains of transactions with Harry Simpson, of New Oxford Street. Why do readers deal with firms of which they know nothing?

L. S. D. (Stoke Newington).—J. F. Awbery, Lucerne, Switzerland, is sufficient address.

E. S. C. (Shoreham).—We have frequently exposed Terry and Smallman, of Olten.

"PUNTER."—George Lascelle (Southport) does not promote sweepstakes, nor is it connected with the other people you mention.

J. BERESFORD (Birmingham).—"BRUM."—We have already vouched for the *bona-fides* of this firm. Have you any complaint?

HARRY APPLETON (London).—W. G. P.—"Days" was an obvious misprint for "weeks." What is the matter with you? Have you any complaint against Mr. Appleton? If so, send it along.

THREE SWISS FIRMS.—"DUBIOUS," "BITTEN," &c.—We have noted the names and shall not fail to look them up.

W. & A. DEW (London and Switzerland).—"SID."—Send the original papers at once—not copies.

J. F. AWBERY'S ST. LEGER SWEEPSTAKE DRAW.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER.

The Draw for the St. Leger Private Sweepstake, promoted by Mr. J. F. Awbery, took place in Lucerne on September 5th. I personally made it, and subscribers can rest assured that everything was carried out in a straightforward manner. I went carefully through Mr. Awbery's books, checked the counterfoils with the number of tickets participating in the Draw, examined each item of expense, substracted Mr. Awbery's commission, and saw that the prizes allotted were accurate. This Draw differs somewhat from other Continental Sweepstakes in that it is more or less of a private nature. In no circumstances does Mr. Awbery publish the name and address of any of his prize-winners. All he does is to publish the winning numbers and the name of the town to which the ticket belongs. During the Draw I carefully noted each number as it was drawn, and I took away with me a full list of winning numbers and horses, which I subsequently checked with the printed list issued some days before the St. Leger. This Sweepstake is not one in which a person can win thousands of pounds, but the prizes are substantial, and as I have already stated I can vouch for its *bona fides*.

THE TOTALISATOR ST. LEGER SWEEPSTAKE.

Our Special Commissioner in his report of the draw of this Sweep, which appeared in last week's issue, omitted to state that it took place at the offices of the Totalisator, Lucerne.

TIP-TOP PRICES.

FOOTBALL!

Established 17 Years.

WHITE, FISHER & CO.,

The World's Premier Football Accountants.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

All intending New Clients should apply early if they wish to be Listed this Season.

Coupons, Price Lists, etc., sent free upon application; but don't wait for coupons, write your selections on plain paper.

EVERYBODY'S DOING IT.

Good prices returned. NOTHING BARRED in the FOUR LEAGUES. Letters must bear a 2 p.m. *postmark* at the latest. Not less than 4 Home Teams accepted Over £25,000 paid away last season. ONCE ON ALWAYS ON. If you mention this paper we will send you post free a sample packet of our FAMOUS FOOTBALL WHIFF CIGARETTES.

Week-End Special says, Re White, Fisher & Co., the Football Commission Agents: "This firm is of the straightest, and readers can most fearlessly deal with them. They do an enormous business, and they share with Cæsar's wife the reputation of being above suspicion."

H. HAMILTON & CO.,

BINNINGEN, SWITZERLAND.

THE OLDEST-ESTABLISHED FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANTS IN THE WORLD.

FOOTBALL

Send a postcard (postage 1d.) for the most liberal price-list issued. Absolutely every match in the English, Southern, and Scotch Leagues to pick from.

£50 FREE OFFER open to all Clients.

Our Football Annual sent free on mentioning this paper.

HARRY APPLETON

(The Man Who Always Pays).

The Best FOOTBALL Terms.

RHEINFELDEN, SWITZERLAND.

Letters 2½d. Postcards 1d

BERT FRY, BIRSFELDEN, SWITZERLAND.

FOOTBALL.

PICK WHERE YOU LIKE IN THE 4 LEAGUES.

Also Selected Matches and Special Half-time Sheet.

Write for Particulars. For my announcements see "Racing and Football Outlook."

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CHARLES VILLIERS CHAPMAN

"One of the leading and most responsible Turf Accountants of the day":—*Vide the Press.*

£20,000 deposited at my bankers in ACTUAL CASH.

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CESAREWITCH and CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

DOUBLE EVENTS A SPECIALITY.

Write to-day for my Illustrated Book of Rules to

24-26, MADDOX STREET, LONDON, W.

Telegrams: Repayable, London. Telephone: 890 Mayfair (10 lines).

Not Represented on Racecourses.

J. McLAUCHLAN, LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND. Established 20 Years.

RACING.

Winnings returned to clients by first post after results are known. Letters only require to bear a time postmark previous to advertised time of race, to be "on" according to rules.

NO LIMIT TO SINGLES.

FOOTBALL.

Pick where you like in the Five Leagues. No match barred! Don't wait for coupons—plain paper will do!

NO SWEEPSTAKES WILL BE RUN BY ME IN FUTURE.

Letter Commissions:—54, CORDON ST., GLASGOW. Wires:—"GALLOP, GLASGOW."

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
(Third Edition)

Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also Call Options. How to open an account with limited risk. How to avoid Broker's Commissions. Contains Highest and Lowest Sales for last 15 years. Gratis from Publishers—
FARROW, GRAHAM & CO.,
1, Bank Street, Royal Exchange, Manchester.

PATRICK FARLEY,
TURF and FOOTBALL Accountant,
LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND.
NOTE. Winnings posted back to clients by first post after results are known.
Letter commissions: 19, Howard Street, Glasgow.
Telegrams: "Mustang, Glasgow.

RESULT of the ST. LEGER.

Total paid out £2,005.

1st Prize £1,002. 10. 0. paid to "Cyclone," Chalfont St. Peters (full name and address lodged with the Editor of JOHN BULL).

2nd Prize £200. 10. 0. paid to J. Mitchinson, Esq., 100, High Street, Skelton in Cleveland, Yorks.

3rd Prize £100. 5. 0. paid to A. Rix, Esq., Penrhos, Holyhead.

11 Starters shared £300. 15. 0.
160 Non-starters shared £401.

JOHN BULL says:—On September 6th I witnessed the draw and have pleasure in certifying that in every detail it was honestly carried out.

Cambridgeshire and Manchester November Handicap now open. Terms free on application.

THE TOTALISATOR,
LUCERNE, Switzerland.
Established . . . . 1908.
Managing Director - - H. CULLERNE-BOWN.

PILOT SYSTEM RESULTS ARE ASTOUNDING!
Big Wins nearly every day. Recent successes that have been sent free are CANZONE (won, 11 to 1), QUEEN TII (won, 4 to 1), MYNORA (3rd, 8 to 1).
MORE WINNERS CERTAIN.
AT YARMOUTH, AYR & WINDSOR. WE'LL SEND YOU THEM FREE! if you send us a Stamped Addressed Envelope at once. BE IN THE SWIM. JOHN BULL says: "It makes every Punter his own Tipster, and ought to make him a certain winner." DIAMOND RACING JOURNAL: "Unlike any other system devised." SPORTING LUCK says: "Can be confidently recommended, and have prognosticated many winners."
PILOT (BOX D), BEVERLEY, E. YORKS.

KEMO RAZOR SHARPENER

Converts your old strop into a perfect edge-producer—solves the problem of shaving in comfort every day without the slightest smarting of the skin—is easily applied and will last as long as a man needs a razor—price 6d. Spare Strops in fine leather, specially prepared with Kamotine, 2s., 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.

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For all Kinds of Razor Blades

MRS. BULL.

EVERY TUESDAY. PRICE ONE PENNY.

BRAINE

The Great Energiser
THE ONLY CURE FOR BRAIN FAG, "NERVES" AND "WORRY."

A preparation that supersedes all nerve "tonics"—guaranteed free from strychnine or any other poisonous drugs.

Brainine Recharges All Impaired Nerves, Imparting New Energy.

Some Convincing Testimony.

From Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

"I have much pleasure in stating that during my recent illness I found BRAININE most beneficial."

A LEADING HOSPITAL NURSE says:—"Under doctor's orders I am now using BRAININE when on duty, and the effect is really wonderful. Most of my convalescents take it—and are loud in its praise."

"Please send me BRAININE pellets to the value of 2s. 3d., P.O. enclosed. I have taken one box and find they are curing that unreasonable nervousness that really amounts to physical cowardice."
Yours faithfully, A. C. B.

"Enclosed please find P.O. 2s. 3d., for which kindly send me three boxes of BRAININE. I have finished the box I had, and it appears to have done me good, so I am going to try them on my wife, who is a great sufferer from nerves."
Yours truly, A. P.

"DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly send me another box of your BRAININE pellets. I have already nearly finished the box I sent to you for and have derived great benefit from them. I feel all I can do is to thank God that I ever saw your advertisement in *Mrs. Bull*. For the last six years I have been an awful sufferer from nervous headaches which the doctor called Neuritis. My life has been one of misery, but since taking your pellets life seems worth living. I have tried everything I have heard of and nothing seems lasting. I am afraid these pellets might be only easing me for a time like other things I have taken, but have never found anything to ease me so much as your pellets. I have also recommended them to my friends.

"I think you should advertise them more for the benefit of poor sufferers like myself."
Yours gratefully, Miss J.

"Please find herewith enclosed 2s. 3d. for two boxes of BRAININE, as per your offer. I intend sticking to them; have finished taking first box."
Respectfully yours, A.

WHAT "BRAININE" IS.

"Brainine" is a BRAIN FOOD. It corrects the error into which the medical profession has hitherto fallen of treating the NERVES themselves—which are but the electric wires of the body—instead of the nerve source, the BRAIN, which is the electric Battery of the body. Unless the Battery is kept well charged the current MUST give out. That is the explanation of the failure of all the so-called "Nerve Tonics." No strengthening of the wires will improve the current if the Battery is run down. Indeed, it only makes matters worse.

"Brainine" is made up in small chocolate-coated pellets, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle, post free to any address in the United Kingdom.

If you have any difficulty in procuring a supply from your local Chemist or Stores, cut out this order and post direct with remittance.

To THE BRAININE COMPANY, 2, Marsham Street, Westminster, London, S.W.

Please forward me a supply of BRAININE, for which I enclose P.O. 1s. 1½d.

Name .....

Address (in full) .....

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State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss .....

"By FAR the Greatest Turf Accountant in the World."—
SPORTING LIFE.

NO LIMIT

There is only one fair way of executing Future Event Commissions.

NO LIMIT

THAT IS MY WAY!!

Market price prevailing at the time your bet is post-marked, originated and guaranteed by me.

No price unobtainable circulars issued; your bet is on as soon as it is posted.

DON'T WASTE TIME WRITING FOR LISTS AND QUOTATIONS

SPECIAL FACILITIES FOR S. P. BUSINESS.

NO LIMIT combined with PLACE BETTING

when Favourite starts "ODDS ON."

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LIESTAL, SWITZERLAND.

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